

TIR-NA-MAISE

TIR-AN-AIGH

ATHOLL
ILLUSTRATED



TOURIST
GUIDE TO

PITLOCHRY

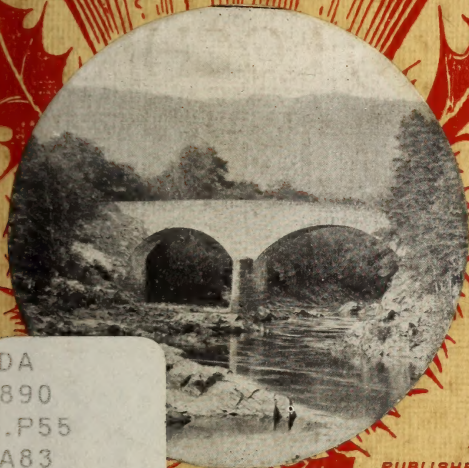
**KILLIECRANKIE
BLAIR ATHOLL
AND
KINLOCH-RANNOCH**

**WITH MAP OF PITLOCHRY
AND DISTRICT**

PUBLISHED BY
L. MACKAY
BOOKSELLER &
STATIONER
PITLOCHRY

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A. & J. MACNAUGHTON

Woollen Manufacturers, PITLOCHRY

THE PITLOCHRY TWEEDS AND RUGS

which were awarded the only Gold Medal at Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1890, the Highest Award at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, and the Silver Medal, Paris, 1900, can only be had in Pitlochry from the Manufacturers as above.

Visitors to Atholl are respectfully invited and recommended to visit **MACNAUGHTON'S TWEED WAREHOUSE.**

"BALMORAL.—The QUEEN is very much pleased with the Rugs."

"OSBORNE.—Please send here for Her Majesty's approval, a number of Rugs, Wraps, and Shawls, such as you sent to Balmoral."

"OSBORNE.—The QUEEN has kept fourteen Rugs. You sent a nice selection."

Ladies' Tailor-Made Gowns, from 75/-

Ladies' Homespun Coats, from 25/-

Gentlemen's Shooting Capes, from 45/-

Gentlemen's Tweed Overcoats, 63/-

Sporting Jacket and Knickers, 63/-

Gentlemen's Tweed Suits, 70/-

Refined Styles. Perfection of Finish. Accurate Fitting by distinguished City Cutters.

Special facilities for making up Garments within a day or two when desired.

REAL SHETLAND GOODS.

HIGHLAND HOSIERY.


An unexcelled Collection of Recherche Woollen Presents, from Half-a-Crown upwards. Tartans in all the Clans, in Kiltings, Dress Materials, Shawls, Wraps, and Rugs. Silk Tartans in all the Clans, in Shawls, Plaids, Handkerchiefs, Sashes, Belts, Ties.

Price Lists and Patterns Post Free.

Parcels Carriage Paid.

L. MACKAY'S CYCLING AND MOTORING MAP OF PITLOCHRY AND DISTRICT.





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P. GOULD

Watchmaker and Jeweller

THE UP-TO-DATE SHOP . . .

Where Goods are all New and where
You get the Best Value for Your Money

Note Address

THE ARCADE PITLOCHRY



Silver Quaigh, inlaid Pebble Ends, 20/-



Claw Brooches, from 2/6



Silver-back Brushes, from 10/6



Silver, 2/-



Silver, 2/6



Silver and Pebble
Links, from
2/6



Pin or Ash Trays, Local Views, 2/-
Warranted to keep their colour



Local Pearl Rings,
from
21/- to £10



Silver, 4/6;
inlaid with Pebble, 10/6



Sovereign Purse,
Silver, 6/-



Silver and Pebble, 1/6



Local Pearl, from 1/6



Cairngorm and Amethyst,
any price

LOCAL PEARLS

Tay and Tummel

LOOSE OR MOUNTED
IN GOLD OR SILVER

BROOCHES
SCARF PINS
LACE PINS
APRON PINS
EYE-GLASS HOOKS, &c.

All the Pearl Goods are bought
direct from the Pearl Fishers



Silver and Pebble Waist
Clasp, from 7/-

Unapproachable for Cheapness
and Excellence of Workmanship

HIGHLAND ORNAMENTS

Scotch Jewellery
Cairngorm and ;
Amethyst Goods

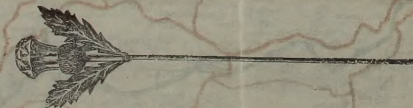
Special Attention to Watch,
Clock and Jewellery Repairs



Silver, 1/6



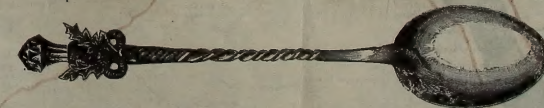
Pendant, from 2/-



Hat Pin, Silver, from 1/- 10,000 to choose from



Book Marks, from 2/-

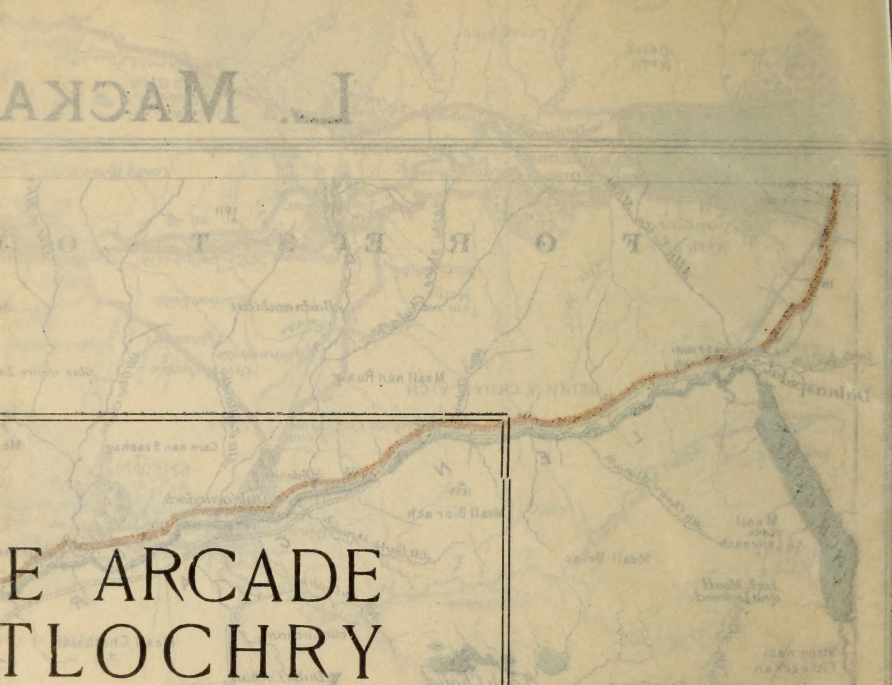


Silver Spoons, from 3/6

P. GOULD, Watchmaker and Jeweller, THE ARCADE

L. MACKA

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TLOCHRY



CHARLES C. STUART & SON

The Leading Grocers. Wine Merchants and Italian Warehousemen

Telephone
No. 43.

PERTH AND PITLOCHRY

Telegrams
Stuart, Pitlochry

C. C. Stuart & Son supply Occupants of Summer Residences, Shooting Lodges,
and Private Families with Goods of the Highest Quality
at the Lowest Possible Prices.

PRICE LISTS and ORDER FORMS, and LIST of FURNISHED
HOUSES AND APARTMENTS FREE ON APPLICATION

EVERY REQUISITE SUPPLIED for the HOUSEHOLD

CARRIAGE PAID ON ALL ORDERS

Telephone No. 40

J. SMITH & SONS

Bakers, Cooks, and Confectioners

THE BRIDGE, PITLOCHRY

Awarded Seven Medals,
All Highest Awards,
London, 1896.

J. S. & S. call attention to the following Specialties :—

ROYAL SCOTTISH SHORTBREAD

Awarded Gold Medal, London, 1896

In Tins, 2/3 upwards

An Excellent Present

Pastries. Fancy Biscuits. Plain
and Fancy Tea Cakes. Oatcakes
and Girdle Scones. Hovis and
Wholemeal, Veda and Bananine
Bread. Marriage, Birthday, and
Christening Cakes. Creams
and Jellies.

CAKES

Sultana,
Madeira,
Genoa,
Gingerbread,
&c.

HOT LUNCHEONS AND TEAS.

DISHES COVERED

REFRESHMENTS—Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Aerated Waters, etc.

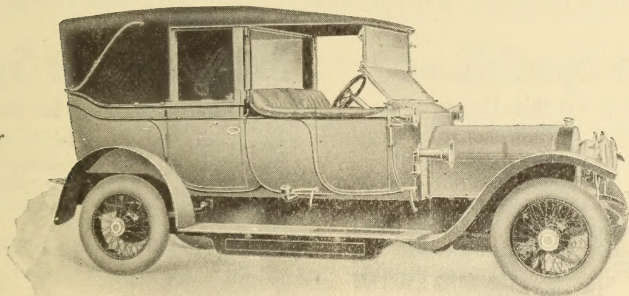
ICES—From Pure Fruit Flavours.

BREAD DELIVERED DAILY BY OUR OWN VANS

Telephone No. 17. Telegrams, Kennedy's Garage, Pitlochry.

J. Kennedy, Motor and Cycle Agent, Main Street, Pitlochry.

*Proprietor of
Motor Mail Car
Pitlochry and
Kinloch-
Rannoch.*



*Cars are
driven by my
men only at
Customers'
Risk.*

Cars and Cycles for Hire.

Vulcanizing.

Accumulators Charged.

All Motor Repairs and Accessories.

Garage.

R. GELLATLY, M.Ph.S.

Physicians' Prescriptions
Dispensed under
personal supervision.

Pharmacist, Dispensing Chemist

ALL DRUGS AND CHEMICALS OF THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF PURITY
ALL NEWEST PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS

Perfume Specialities

“Pitlochry,” “Ben-y-Vrackie Heather,” and
“Flowers of Atholl.”

Highland Souvenirs of exquisite and lasting
fragrance.

Everything **Photographic**, including Apparatus.
Dark-room for Customers' Use. Developing and
Printing done. Best work guaranteed.

N. B.—“Pitlochry” and “Ben-y-Vrackie
Heather,” and “Flowers of Atholl”
make delightful presents to take from
the Highlands.

The “ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.”

Skin and Hair Specialities

Gellatly's Benzoma Skin Cream.

The **Ideal Skin Food** for summer and winter use.
An emollient for the Skin of the highest order. For
motorists and all exposed to variable weather it will
be found invaluable. In bottles, 1/- and 2/-

Hair Tonic and Dressing

(Jaborandi & Cantharides)

A preparation of the best class. Delightfully cooling
and cleansing to the head and hair. Removes and
prevents dandruff, promotes the growth of the hair,
and stops hair falling off. In bottles, 1/3 and 2/6

The Medical Hall, PITLOCHRY

TIR-NA-MAISE

(Land of Beauty)

ATHOLL

ILLUSTRATED

TIR-AN-AIGH

(Land of Joy)

*NEW POPULAR TOURIST GUIDE TO
Pitlochry, Killiecrankie, Blair Atholl
and Kinloch-Rannoch*

With Map of Pitlochry and Surrounding District

PRICE SIXPENCE

Published by L. MACKAY, Bookseller and Stationer, Pitlochry

Telephone No. 9

JAMES DUNCAN

Family Bootmaker

Opposite Fisher's Hotel

PITLOCHRY

■
FAMOUS FOR SHOOTING
BOOTS and BROGUE SHOES



●
AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED

“K” and “Scot” Boots and Shoes

FULL RANGE OF HALF SIZES AND VARIOUS FITTINGS ALWAYS IN STOCK
MEASURES and REPAIRS RECEIVE PERSONAL and PROMPT ATTENTION
PRICES ARE THE LOWEST POSSIBLE

INTRODUCTION.

THIS TOURIST GUIDE has been arranged for the purpose of assisting Visitors to Pitlochry and the surrounding district to pick out the pleasant walks and drives in the Vicinity, and it is hoped the descriptive matter, Map of Pitlochry and District, and Views of the different Places of Interest will be found helpful for this.

The Climate is considered by the Medical Profession to be the finest in Scotland, its mildness and bracing qualities being suitable to those in search of health as well as pleasure.

From the notes regarding Hotels and Hydros, it will be seen the comfort and convenience of Visitors is carried out in every detail, and the advertising pages show that Pitlochry is in a position to fully supply in every department of trade all the wants of the ever-increasing demands made upon them.

The Map (attached to Guide) of Pitlochry and District takes Pitlochry as a centre, and gives roughly a distance of 20 miles N., S., E., and W., including the Principal Roads and Footpaths, Mountains with Elevations, Streams, Rivers, and Lochs, within the boundaries mentioned.

“The Pitlochry Hydro-Hotel”

PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE

SITUATED IN THE CENTRE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

“Down by the Tummel an’ Banks o’ the Garry”

THIS FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL, standing in its own extensive Ornamental Grounds, on a knoll above the Moulin Road, and **adjacent to the High Golf Course**, occupies the unique position of being the **Highest Letting House in Pitlochry**. The Grounds are beautifully wooded, but the House occupying the crown of the knoll,

Every window commands a view of the most magnificent Mountain Scenery

“The Finest Bracing Mountain Air in Scotland,”

said the late SIR ANDREW CLARK, Queen’s Physician

SOUTHERN ASPECT.	SANDY SUBSOIL.	PERFECT SANITATION.
18-HOLE GOLF COURSE.	BOWLING.	TENNIS.
	CROQUET.	FISHING.

Daily Coaching Excursions to Places of Interest during the Season.

MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS

Telegraphic Address: “Comfort, Pitlochry.”

Manageress—Mrs MEIKLE.

Telephone 35 Pitlochry.

PITLOCHRY

(Pit-cloich-aire—Place of the Sentinel Stone)

“The Switzerland of Scotland”

“Welcome dear stranger to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!
Thrice welcome sage, whose philosophic plan
By Nature's limits metes the rights of man.”



PITLOCHRY is on the Highland Railway, 28 miles north from Perth, the railway journey to which is through a beautiful country of wood and hill, relieved by glimpses of the rivers Tay and Tummel.

The Village is situated in a valley in the Perthshire Highlands, and possesses the unique distinction of being almost in the centre of Scotland.

It lies at the base of the Grampians, and has an open southern exposure. The valley is watered by the river Tummel. Apart from its

“Messrs MACNAUGHTON, Pitlochry, display a rare aptitude for adapting their Manufactures to the changing requirements of fashion.”—*The Ladies' Pictorial*.

outer fringe of wood and hill, and its grand background, it possesses all the features that are necessary to form such a landscape as the eye delights to rest and the memory to dwell on. Its rich and well-watered fields, with farmhouses and villas interspersed, the wooded knolls and slopes that stretch away toward the moorlands cannot fail to attract and interest the Tourist. For historical interest and natural beauty, the district of which Pitlochry is the centre, is unequalled in Scotland.

The climate is peculiarly dry and bracing, and from its sheltered position it enjoys a complete immunity from the biting north winds.

RAIN REPORT.

TOTAL RAINFALL FOR FIVE YEARS.

1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
31.05	30.48	39.03	28.52	37.79 ins.

Mean per annum, 33.37 ins.

For 18 years, 1875 to 1892, the mean was 35.77 ins.

THE MEAN SHADE TEMPERATURE FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS WAS—

	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
June,	62	59	60	59	58
July,	51	59	62	63	62
August,	62	62	61	64	56
September,	51	51	57	56	51



PITLOCHRY AND BEN-Y-VRACKIE.

Pitlochry is altogether of modern growth and in keeping with the requirements of the age, its arrangements as to water supply and sanitation are perfect.

Several lists of Houses and Apartments to Let (*see* advertising pages) are published, and the following are particulars of Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Hydropathics.

HOTELS.

FISHER'S.—Adjoining the Railway Station and connected by a private walk, is considered to be one of the finest Tourist Establishments in Scotland. The fact that this Hotel has had to be frequently extended of late years is an excellent indication of the patronage bestowed upon it. The rooms are very commodious and elegantly furnished, and the Hotel is lighted throughout with electricity.

The Grounds are laid out with much taste, and include Tennis, Bowling, and Croquet Greens. The late Professor Blackie, delivering a Lecture in Pitlochry on “Beauty in Nature and the Fine Arts,” remarked that there was no finer Hotel Garden in Europe.

There is a large motor and hiring establishment in connection with the Hotel, and Four-in-Hand Coaches are run daily during the Season to the following places of interest in the neighbourhood.

Fishers Hotel and Gardens, Pittlochry



SEE BACK OF COVER

Monday.—Falls of Bruar and Pass of Killiecrankie.

Tuesday.—Queen's View, Loch Tummel Inn, and Falls of Tummel.

Wednesday.—Kirkmichael

Thursday.—Dunkeld and Rumbling Bridge.

Friday.—Falls of Bruar and Pass of Killiecrankie.

Saturday.—Kinloch-Rannoch.

All information as to hours and fares can be had from Coach Office in connection with Hotel.

During the Season Coaches for Pass of Killiecrankie run daily, morning, mid-day, and afternoon, from Fisher's Hotel, Post Office, and Patrick's Coach Office (opposite Institute). Fare 6d. each way. Cards with all particulars from Fisher's, Patrick's, or L. Mackay, Stationer.

SCOTLAND'S.—Family, Tourist, and Commercial, situated in the centre of the village, and about five minute's walk from the Railway Station. This Hotel has in recent years been entirely remodelled, and contains the latest and most complete improvements considered necessary in a first-class Hotel, and is in every respect worthy of the extensive patronage it receives.

CRAIGOWER.—Private Temperance, situated on Main Street, and about two minutes' walk from Railway Station. It is a well-appointed

SCOTLAND'S HOTEL, Family, Tourist & Commercial

(FIVE MINUTES' WALK FROM STATION)

Charges
Moderate



Tariff on
Application

CONTAINS DINING-ROOM, LADIES' DRAWING-ROOM,
PRIVATE SITTING-ROOMS. :: FORTY BEDROOMS

HEADQUARTERS OF THE C.T.C.

Parties can be booked by the Week or Month
Orders by Post or Telegram punctually attended to

Telegrams—"SCOTLAND'S," PITLOCHRY
Telephone No. 39.

J. SCOTLAND & CO., Proprietors

Family Hotel, with every home comfort, particular attention being given to the Tourist trade.

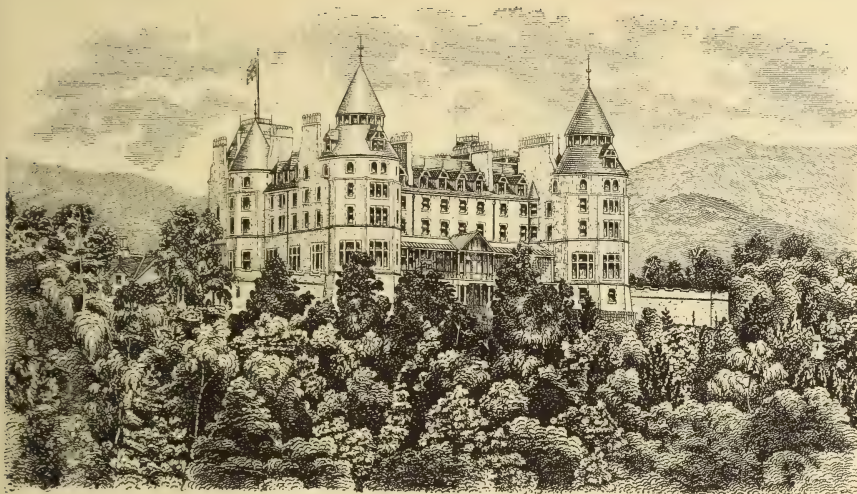
REID'S STATION HOTEL.—Temperance, situated at West End of village, opposite road leading from Railway Station. A very comfortable Hotel for Commercial and Tourist trade, under the personal supervision of Mrs Reid.

MOULIN HOTEL (Mrs Harper).—In the Village of Moulin, distant about a mile from Pitlochry, very comfortable and attractive, is admirably managed, and the charges are moderate. There is also motoring and hiring in connection with the hotel.

HYDROPATHICS.

THE ATHOLL.—In every particular the Atholl will compare favourably with its increasing numerous competitors, whether in England or Scotland. It possesses advantages of no ordinary kind, being built on one of the finest sites in a district picturesque beyond any other in Scotland, and in the immediate vicinity of the grandest scenery of which the Highlands can boast.

It was got up with a view to comfort, altogether irrespective of expense. The Grounds, which extend to about 36 acres, are very tastefully laid out, and are kept in the most perfect order. It may be said



Seven Full
Tennis
Courts.
Croquet.
Golf.
Fishing.
Lock-up
Garage
and Pit.



Turkish,
Vapour,
Pine,
Spray,
Douche,
and Brine
Baths.

THE ATHOLL HOTEL HYDRO.

This is a palace absolutely, and conducted on
the most modern and up-to-date hotel lines.

In ideal surroundings, 36 acres Pine Woods and Ornamental Grounds, 500 feet above sea level.

For interesting Booklet and Tariff write
A. D. McLEOD, Manager.

Telegrams "Atholl." Telephone No 3.

that the streams, one of which passes through the Grounds, are small, and, consequently, the waterfalls and the fish-ponds are on a scale that might by some be called insignificant. Still, in all this there is nothing to offend, and much to please the eye. There is a fine Bowling Green, as well as Croquet, Archery, and Lawn Tennis Grounds.

Considerable attention is also devoted to indoor amusements of every description.

The charges are much the same as in other similar institutions.

A 'Bus conveys Visitors to and from the Trains. Arrangements for Conveyances to visit the different places of interest in the neighbourhood are made in the House.

THE PITLOCHRY HYDRO HOTEL.—Charmingly situated on the southern slope of the mountain Ben-y-Vrackie, in the centre of the Scottish Highlands, it is greatly favoured as to position. It claims the unique distinction of being the highest standing letting house in Pitlochry. The House, which stands in its own extensive ornamental grounds, upon a knoll above the Moulin Road, faces due south, overlooking the village and the River Tummel. The grounds are beautifully wooded and laid out with Tennis Courts, Croquet Lawns, Putting Greens, &c. The House occupying the crown of the knoll, the trees and shrubs are overlooked, and every window commands a view of the most

magnificent Highland scenery, the eye stretching over a panorama of rich valleys and high-peaked mountains.

The air was described by the late Sir Andrew Clark, the Queen's physician as "the finest bracing mountain air in Scotland." Upon the knoll known as Knock-Dhu, within the grounds, are the remains of a pre-historic fort, now overgrown with pine trees. This Hydro is the nearest to the Golf Course (10 minute's walk), and the Bowling Green is just at its gates.

Since being acquired by the present Proprietors, The Pitlochry Hydro-Hotel has been re-decorated throughout in a most attractive and up-to-date manner. For the safety of Visitors, two exterior Fire Escape stairs have been erected, each stair having access from the different floors. The 'Bus meets all trains at Pitlochry Station by arrangement. Visitors will find every attention and comfort at this Establishment.

Motor and Carriage Drives (in companies or private) also Coach Drives from the Establishment.

The Tourist's initial step is usually a visit to any objects worthy of note which may be in the Village, and his first attention will be directed to the DRINKING FOUNTAIN. This Fountain is situated near the centre of the Village, to the left of Alba Place, opposite Fisher's Hotel. It was erected by public subscription to the memory of the late Colonel Butter

of Faskally. It is built of Aberdeen granite, in the Gothic style of architecture, and bears the following inscription : —

IN MEMORY OF
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ARCHIBALD BUTTER, YOUNGER OF FASKALLY,
LATE OF THE
93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AND 15TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.
ERECTED

BY MANY FRIENDS, TENANTS, AND OTHERS IN ATHOLE AND ELSEWHERE
TO RECORD THEIR SORROW AT THE EARLY DEATH OF ONE ENDEARED TO THEM ALL
BY HIS HONOURABLE AND KINDLY CHARACTER.

BORN AT FASKALLY, 28TH MARCH, 1836.

DIED AT KILLIECRANKIE HOUSE, 19TH JUNE, 1880.

A little farther down on the opposite side of the street, is the PITLOCHRY YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE, erected by Mrs R. W. Barbour of Bonskeid in memory of her husband, the late Rev. Robert W. Barbour. It contains Refreshment Rooms, Reading, Billiard, Smoking, and Gymnasium Rooms. Visitors are admitted on favourable terms.

DR DUFF'S MEMORIAL CROSS.—This Cross is to be found immediately outside the boundary wall of the Pitlochry Established Church. From the inscription thereon the tourist will observe that it was erected by the friends of the late Dr Alexander Duff (first missionary of the

Mitchell Bros.

*DRAPERS and
WAREHOUSEMEN*

Scottish Clan Tartan

NOVELTIES

in all the Newest
Styles

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS

Atholl Warehouse, Pitlochry

Ladies' & Gent's Outfitters

A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK
OF SHETLAND GOODS AT
: : ALL PRICES : :

Telephone P.O. 30

DEPARTMENTS

Dressmaking	Blouses	Umbrellas
Tailoring	Gloves	Sunshades
Costumes	Hosiery	Carpets
Underwear	Dresses	Napery
&c., &c.		

Motor Clothing a Speciality

Church of Scotland, who went to India in 1829), in memory of his genius as an educationist, preacher, and orator. The erection is of Peterhead granite in the form of a Celtic cross, and bears a bas-relief of the doctor in bronze. The following is the inscription on the monument:—

DEDICATED BY FRIENDS TO THE MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.

An illustrious and devoted Missionary of Jesus Christ, the first to kindle the light of higher Christian education in India ; he for half a century consecrated to its advancement all the resources of a singularly ardent nature and commanding genius. During his whole career he was regarded by the best class of India's youth as a trusted guide and friend, and by the Christian Church as an able, venerated leader.

He was born at Moulin, near this spot, 25th April 1806. Ordained a minister of Christ 12th August 1829. Founded at Calcutta 13th July 1830 the Missionary College which now bears his name.

DIED AT SIDMOUTH, 12TH FEBRUARY 1878.

FERVENT IN SPIRIT ; SERVING THE LORD.—Rom. xii. 2.

ERECTED MDCCCLXXXIX.

TWEED MILLS (Messrs A. & J. Macnaughton).—Pitlochry has gained more than a local reputation through its manufacture of tweeds, rugs, and other woollen fabrics. Tourists should inspect the extensive assort-

ment of goods shown in the firm's warehouses, which are situated on the Station Road.

PUBLIC HALL.—Situating on road leading to Moulin, near the Pitlochry Established Church. Hall is seated for 400, with gallery for 100. Also lesser hall and other offices.

CHURCHES AND HOURS OF SERVICE.

ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—MOULIN, 11.30, morning; PITLOCHRY, 6 o'clock, evening. (PITLOCHRY, during Summer, 11.30, morning.)

UNITED FREE CHURCH.—Morning, 11.30 a.m.; evening, 6 p.m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Morning, 11.30 a.m.; evening, 6 p.m.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—*Services during August and September.* Celebration, 8 a.m.; Matins, 10 a.m.; Matins Celebration Sermon, 11.30 a.m.; Children's Service, 3 p.m.; Evening, 6 p.m. *Services except August and September.* Celebration, 8 a.m., 1st and 3rd in the month after Matins; Matins, 11.30 a.m.; evening, 6 p.m.

BANKS AND AGENTS.

UNION BANK LTD.—Messrs H. Mitchell and J. Robertson. BANK OF SCOTLAND.—Mr Alex. Macbeth. COMMERCIAL BANK LTD.—Mr. D. M'Naughton.

MACNAUGHTON'S Pitlochry Tweeds and Homespuns have been worn by Peer and Peasant for the past eighty years.

SPOTS OF INTEREST AND BEAUTY ROUND ABOUT PITLOCHRY.

WALKING OR CYCLING.

	Return.		Return.
Moulin	2 miles.	Ben - y - Vrackie, by Moulin	
Blackspout	2 "	(walking)	6 miles.
Round High Drive—Distance		Blair Atholl and back (cycling)	14 "
about	4 "	Falls of Bruar (cycling) ...	20 "
Clunie Bridge and Port-na-		Loch Tummel "Queen's View"	
Craig	2 "	(cycling)	16 "
Falls of Tummel by Clunie		Loch Tummel Hotel (cycling)	22 "
Bridge and Back	5 "	Kinloch-Rannoch (cycling) ...	44 "
Falls of Tummel by Clunie		Dunkeld and Birnam (cycling)	26 "
Bridge and Coronation		Aberfeldy (cycling)	27 "
Bridge, returning by Garry		Kenmore, for Loch Tay (cycling)	40 "
Bridge and Pass of Killie-		Blairgowrie, via Dunkeld,	
crankie	7 "	Bridge of Cally, and Kirk-	
Pass of Killiecrankie	7 "	michael (cycling)	48 "
Craigower, by Golf Course		Glentilt	30 "
(walking)	3 "		

MOTORING.

THE FAVOURITE RUNS BY MOTOR FROM PITLOCHRY.

ALL-DAY RUNS.

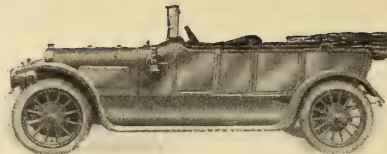
- 1.—To Braemar, via Kirkmichael and Spittal of Glenshee.
- 2.—To Kingussie, via Blair Atholl, Drumochter, and Dalwhinnie.
- 3.—To Bridge of Gaur (top of Loch Rannoch), via Killiecrankie, Loch Tummel (Queen's View) to Kinloch-Rannoch round Loch Rannoch, returning by Trinafour, Struan (Falls of Bruar), and Blair Atholl.
- 4.—To Aberfeldy, Kenmore, Killin, Glenogle, Lochearnhead, St. Fillans, Comrie, Crieff, Sma' Glen, Amulree, and Dunkeld.
- 5.—To Loch Leven, via Dunkeld, Perth, Glenfarg, Kinross, returning to Perth, thence Beech Hedges, Blairgowrie, Bridge of Cally, and Kirkmichael.

SHORT HOLIDAY RUNS.

- 6.—To Kinloch-Rannoch, via Queen's View, Loch Tummel, Dunalastair, returning by Trinafour, Struan, Falls of Bruar, Blair Atholl, and Killiecrankie.
- 7.—To Blairgowrie, via Dunkeld, Caputh, Beech Hedges, returning via Bridge of Cally and Kirkmichael.
- 8.—To Fortingall and Glenlyon, via Logierait, Weem, and Coshieville, returning via Fernan, Kenmore, and Aberfeldy.
- 9.—To Amulree, via Ballinluig, Dunkeld, and Rumbling Bridge, returning via Strathbraan, Dalguise, Grandtully, and Logierait.

The above are only a few of the principal runs from Pitlochry ;

Agent for
Argyll
Cars



Any make
of Car
supplied

This Car for Hire—The Argyll Flying Fifteen

W. BLUES

The Pitlochry Garage and Engineering Works

(ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT)

Telephone 48.

Telegrams—"Blues, Pitlochry."

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many others can be arranged by application at any of the following Garages, where full particulars as to time and fares can be had :—

Wm. Blues, Garage, Main Street.

John Kennedy, Garage, opposite Institute.

Geo. Watson, West End Garage.

There are spots in the immediate neighbourhood well worthy of more than a passing visit, which, while they may be grouped with others at a greater distance, may be more conveniently described first, for the sake of those whose time is limited, or who are unable to undertake the fatigue of a day's outing.

Thanks to the Pitlochry Improvements Committee, Finger-Posts have now been erected at almost every corner leading out from the village, and pointing to the different places of interest, which will be of great assistance to the tourist.

It may also be mentioned that the local Parish Council, since their election to office in 1895, have been of great public service in the defining and securing of many footpaths to which the public have free access, as well as erecting bridges, etc., for the convenience of visitors.

PLACES OF OUTDOOR AMUSEMENT.

RECREATION GROUND.—Situated at the west end of the village, a little off the main road, where all sorts of athletic sports are engaged in,

and where lovers of football and cricket will find recreation suited to their respective tastes. In the grounds are a series of splendidly laid out tennis courts for the special benefit of visitors who may be fond of this popular game. For the convenience of those engaging in any of these sports, a pavilion was erected on the ground, containing dressing-rooms, etc.

GOLF.

Pitlochry now possesses one of the finest inland golf courses in the country. It is beautifully situated at the bottom of Craigower, with an outlook commanding the valley of the Tummel, showing the windings of the river as it rushes along to join the Tay and the distant hills of Killiehangie, Tullymet, and Craigie Barns, the whole scene being wonderfully picturesque.

From No. 1 to No. 5 the golfer has a fairly stiff climb; this brings him to the highest point of the course, 800 feet above sea-level. The length of the holes varies from 131 yards to 403 yards.

There is a commodious and comfortably-furnished golf house, with every convenience, including ladies' and gent's rooms. The caretaker supplies luncheons, teas, and temperance refreshments.

Owing to the demand for tennis, there has now been completed a fine blaize tennis court adjoining the golf house, where visitors not



THE CUILC AND GOLF COURSE.

inclined for golf can enjoy this favourite game. Terms for play and all information from the clubmaster.

Following are number, lengths, and names of holes :—

No.	Length. Yards.	Name of Hole.	No.	Length. Yards.	Name of Holes.
1	295	Distillery	10	323	Drumchorry
2	131	Tulloch	11	402	Lag-na-buie
3	341	Old North Road	12	154	Drum-dearg
4	337	Craigiedun	13	381	Moine-dubh
5	377	Queen Mary's Rest	14	403	Cluniemore
6	213	Druid Stones	15	226	Balghulan
7	227	Craig-eiche	16	243	Clach-na-cat
8	229	Bruce's Look-out	17	234	Drumcroy
9	200	Picts Fort	18	296	Home Hole
				<hr/>	
				5012	
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Scale of charges for temporary members playing on Golf Course :—

SENIORS

For one day,	-	-	1/-.	For two weeks,	-	-	7/-.
For one week,	-	-	4/-.	For one month,	-	-	12/6.

Junior temporary members under sixteen shall pay one half of the above rates.

FAMILY TICKETS

For three or more members of one family the rate is 10/- each per month.
Tickets and all information from green-keeper at Golf House.

The course was opened on the 5th June, 1909, by Mrs C. A. J. Butter of Pitlochry, when Mr H. Mitchell, Captain of the Golf Club, gave the following interesting and historical address, viz.:—In asking Mrs Charles Butter to turn the key of the club-house door, he said no self-respecting health resort could afford in these days to do without a golf course, and while Pitlochry for the past twenty years had had a 9-hole course, it was much too small to give sufficient exercise to keen golfers, and found to be too hot in summer weather. Accordingly, some fourteen months ago a committee was formed to look round about and see what was the most suitable place for an 18-hole course. They looked at various sites, and finally they were all unanimous that if the site at Drumchorry could be secured it was in all respects the best in the neighbourhood. They found that Mr Butter of Faskally was quite pleased to give them that site on favourable terms, provided they could arrange with the outgoing tenant, which they were able to do. Perhaps the question might be asked—"Why is golf such a universal game? Why are people not now content as their fathers were with quiet, meditative walks in the country?" There were perhaps two reasons for that. In the first place, these meditative walks were scarcely any longer possible

in these days of motor cars. In the next place, people were so engaged in business that if they went to have a quiet walk their minds would still revert to their business, and it was important that they should have such a recreation as would enlist the whole of their mental and physical powers, and so get their minds away from business cares. Golf supplied that relief, and that was why he thought it was so universally played. They hoped the new course would prove to be most successful, but it had many associations that made it a place interesting even to those who were not golfers. On the higher part of it they would find the nearly-perfect remains of an ancient Pictish fort, where some two thousand years ago a Pictish watch kept guard over the important Pictish village of Moulin, which lay along the shores of a small lake drained some hundred and twenty years ago; and when warning was given that danger was nigh, the inhabitants of the village seized hold of their canoes and paddled for refuge to an artificial island in the centre of the lake, where now stands the old, black Castle of Moulin. Slightly farther to the west were the remains of a Druidical circle, the greater part of which was destroyed by an improving farmer some seventy years ago. But apart from these prehistoric associations the new golf course possessed many historical associations. Through the very centre of the course there ran the old North Road, which went on this side of the dry stone dyke, and which for more than a thousand years formed the main means of communi-



The above is a photograph during the great snow storm of January 1913. The storm lasted for about three weeks the fall of snow being from 30 to 36 inches. This is a view on the road from the golf course.

cation between the north and the south. He would just like for a moment or two to draw their attention to some incidents connected with the golf course ground and with the old North Road. He would ask them to assist him by throwing their memories back for the long space of six hundred years. In 1306, in the month of June, if in the early morning they had looked on the golf course from the point on which they stood, they would have seen slowly toiling up the old North Road a small party of men. In the front rides a knight in armour, and behind him are a few score of followers. But their armour is stained with blood and dented by the blows of battle, and many of them are wounded and all of them are weary, for it is King Robert the Bruce who is passing there on his retreat from the battle of Methven, where the bulk of his followers were annihilated, and he has come to take refuge in the wilds of Atholl. As he passes up the golf course, he looks down on the other side and sees before him the river Garry and the woods of Bonskeid, and he encourages his men by telling them they will find rest and shelter when they cross the Garry. At the old Pictish fort he sets a sentinel, and his men slowly make their way down the opposite side, cross the Garry, and throw themselves to rest in the woods of Bonskeid. The story goes that the laird of that time, hearing of their plight, sent out brose to Bruce and his men, and from that day to this the wood is known as Coille-brochain, or "The Wood of the Brose."

Some two hundred and fifty years pass away, and it is again summer ; and as they look upon the old North Road they see passing up it a gay cavalcade of lords and ladies with a large retinue. It is Mary Queen of Scots on her way to visit the Earl of Atholl and to witness the great deer drive in the forest of Atholl. When this cavalcade reaches the end of the golf course, they dismount for rest and refreshment. It is perhaps the happiest time in Mary's short and stormy reign. She calls for her harp, and when it is unfolded some of the strings are found to be broken. She asks her maids-of-honour to restring it, but they with shame confess that, like the foolish virgins of Scripture, they had brought no fresh harp-strings with them. So the Queen's displeasure falls heavily upon them, and it is a somewhat subdued party who make their way down to the ferryman's house, which, then as now, guards the Pass of Killiecrankie. When they reach the house the maids-of-honour tell the ferryman of their misfortune. He is a man of resource, and has a weakness for a pretty face, especially for beauty in distress—and there is no doubt that the Queen's Marys are very charming—so he says if they could persuade their Royal mistress to rest in his house for a short time, he thinks he could have the harp restrung. They joyfully accede to his request, and an old harper who lives in the neighbourhood has the harp restrung, and the cavalcade sets out joyfully to the Castle of Blair. So the ferryman's house, which till then was known as Balna-

fuir, or the house of the ford, has ever since been named Tyn-Geat, or the house of the harp-string.

The scene is again changed. One hundred and forty years have passed away, and when they now gaze on the old North Road is 1687, and an early summer morning in July. Passing up the old road is a huge army, mostly on foot, with a few hundred horsemen and an enormous number of baggage animals. The army is so great that when the vanguard reaches the end of the golf course the rear has not yet left the village of Moulin. It is General Mackay on his way to fight Claverhouse at the Battle of Killiecrankie, with four thousand footmen besides horse and artillery. When he gets a little beyond the Pictish fort, he sends out scouts to ascertain if that devil Dundee, as he calls him, has blocked the pass or if it is still open. The army waits for nearly two hours upon the golf course until the scouts come back with word that the pass is open. Slowly we see them march down to the pass till they disappear from view, and then for a long afternoon all is silence; and it is not till the setting sun tells of the near close of day that suddenly the dull boom of a cannon is heard, and then for ten minutes the sharp rattle of musketry, and all is again silence; and although we wait until the shades of evening descend, we never again see any of the mighty force that passed in the morning return by the old North Road, for half have fallen on the field of Killiecrankie, and

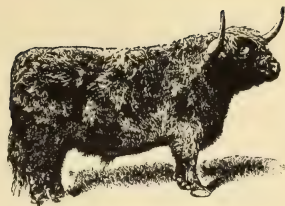
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those who survive have forded the Garry and have fled across the hills to Weem.

He would now ask them for the last time to look back in thought on the hillside before them, but he would require them to shift their stand, and to take up their position by the old Pictish fort. Looking from there upon the village of Moulin, they would see a great assembly of men and horses surrounding the ancient lake, with its old castle, a ruin then as now, and in front of the fort at their feet they would see hundreds of Athollmen clad in belted plaids coming down the old road with swinging steps. They are on their way to join the Earl of Mar, who raised the Standard in 1715, and marched from Braemar to Moulin, where the Athollmen are joining him before he fights the Battle of Sheriffmuir. That was the last occasion that that part of the old North Road passing through the Pitlochry Golf Course resounded to the tramp of armed men, for not many years afterwards the military road through Pitlochry was made by General Wade, and that old road upon which their memories had lingered shortly afterwards became disused and well-nigh forgotten.

One other incident in connection with the golf course was that in the pond at their feet, which formed the south march, there was, some ninety years ago, dug up the skull of a prehistoric ox—*Bos Primogenius*—the largest skull got in Great Britain. It was found at a depth of

some thirty feet, when the farmers were digging the pond for marl. He would not ask them to throw back their memories to the date when that prehistoric ox must have roamed over Pitlochry Golf Course. For one thing he did not know himself, and it was a matter for conjecture whether it was ten, twenty, or thirty thousand years ago. They knew it was a contemporary of the mammoth, the cave bear, and many other prehistoric animals. It was just possible that he might have met his fate by contesting with the mammoth possession of the golf course—(laughter)—and being defeated, had fled from the field and got lost in the marsh.

Mr Mitchell went on to say that the directors of the club had so far as they could preserved the historic features of the golf course. Beside the old Druidical stones, where the ancient Picts buried their dead and offered oblations to the sun, had been placed a golf hole. They firmly believed that the ashes of the dead would rest not less peacefully because above them now rose the smooth turf of a putting green. Beside the old Pictish fort they had placed a putting green from which a charming view is seen, and it had close associations with the sentinels who of old used to keep watch and ward there over the village of Moulin. Where Bruce placed his weary sentinel there was another golf hole, and at the very end of the course there was a hole which marked the place where Mary Queen of Scots rested and where she discovered that the strings of her harp

were broken. There was also a hole near the spot where General Mackay halted before the Battle of Killiecrankie. There was only one hole, he continued, that possessed modern associations. It was the first hole. As originally arranged it was about eighty yards farther than it is now, but it was found that on the way to that hole they passed the remains of an old distillery—not prehistoric!—which was at one time the most important distillery in the district, but on account of the increasing sobriety of the people was closed about forty-five years ago, and gradually falling into ruins the remains were carted away. The vice-president pointed out that the first hole was not at all a good hole, whereas the site of the distillery formed a perfect position for one, giving it as his opinion that this site still contained so much latent “spirit” that golfers could not fail when driving off from there to the high hole. The majority of the directors acceded to this suggestion, but one or two who had rather strong ideas on the matter of total abstinence were in doubt as to how far they could conserve their principles in the change of the hole. These directors, however, withdrew their objections on the understanding that if Mr Lloyd George, in his search for the unearned increment of land values, stumbled upon this hole and proceeded to levy a whisky tax, that hole should be at once abandoned and the original hole reverted to.

They hoped, therefore, that a golf course possessing so many

associations with the past—prehistoric, historic, and romantic—would be sure to prove a success, and that it would give not only golfers but all the people who came to visit the district in summer great pleasure. They were specially indebted to Mr Butter of Faskally and to his brother for the help and great interest they had taken in the new course. They also expressed their thanks to Mrs Butter, who, though she was not a golfer, had helped them by enlisting her friends and getting them to take a number of shares in the club, and as far as he knew there was not much prospect of them getting any dividend. They could only show their appreciation of what she had done by asking her to do them the honour and favour of opening the clubhouse. He presented her for that purpose with a silver key, which he hoped she would accept. Mrs Butter then turned the key in the lock amid cheers, and having opened the door, said she had great pleasure in declaring the pavilion open. She was sure they would all join in wishing the new pavilion and course every success.

CURLING.—As you approach the golf club house, and surrounded by trees and shrubs, a pretty Curling Pond has been constructed, which in summer time looks cool and refreshing, and when the winter comes round the roaring game will bring many a keen curler to try his skill.

The pond being so convenient to the village, a few hours curling can be enjoyed during any part of the day.

Mrs Butter of Pitlochry has presented the pond to the Pitlochry Curling Club, who will much appreciate her generous gift.

BOWLING GREEN.—Situated close by the road leading to Moulin, a short distance beyond the Pitlochry Established Church. Visitors are allowed to play on payment of a small fee, subject to the regulations of the club.

CIRCULAR TOURS FOR CYCLISTS.

NOTE.—The mileage given for each Tour is only an approximate of the distance. The following letters where marked on Tour will be helpful to define the nature of the Road. V.H., very hilly; H., hilly; S., steep; all other parts are good Roads.

No. 1.—Round **HIGH DRIVE.** Take main road leading to Dunkeld for about a mile, and when opposite Dalshian House, situated in the wood to right, take road leading to left up the hill (H.), which follow by the left, passing Donavourd House and Edradour Distillery till you join road from Kirkmichael, thence round by Kinnaird and Moulin, where a very fine view is to be had of Pitlochry and the surrounding hills. Distance for the round, 4 miles.

No. 2.—To **CLUNIE BRIDGE.** Take road to Killiecrankie, and when about quarter of a mile from Pitlochry turn to the left, crossing Clunie Bridge, follow road down river by Port-na-craig and Dunfallandy till you reach Logierait Inn, cross Bridge at Ballinluig, and return by main road or *vice versa*. Distance for the round, 9 miles.

No. 3.—To KILLIECRANKIE and RAILWAY STATION. Distance from Pitlochry, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

No. 4.—To BLAIR ATHOLL by Killiecrankie. Distance from Pitlochry, 7 miles.

No. 5.—To FALLS OF BRUAR and STRUAN STATION by Killiecrankie and Blair Atholl. Distance from Pitlochry, 11 miles.

No. 6.—To QUEEN'S VIEW, LOCH TUMMEL, by Killiecrankie, crossing Garry Bridge (H.), passing Bonskeid House and Altean House, returning by same road. Distance, 16 miles.

No. 7.—To TUMMEL BRIDGE. Outward journey same as No. 6 to Queen's View, Loch Tummel, continue road round Loch, by Loch Tummel Hotel, to Tummel Bridge Hotel, returning by opposite side of Loch *via* Foss, Falls of Tummel, and Clunie Bridge. Distance for round, 28 miles.

No. 8.—To TUMMEL BRIDGE HOTEL. Outward journey same as No. 6, thence road to the right across hill (V.H.) by Trinafour to Struan, Blair Atholl, and Killiecrankie. Distance for the round or *vice versa*, 35 miles.

No. 9.—KINLOCH RANNOCH. Outward journey same as No. 6 to Tummel Bridge, thence direct road to Kinloch Rannoch, returning *via*

Trinafour, Struan (V.H.), Blair Atholl, and Killiecrankie. Distance for the round or *vice versa*, 44 miles.

NO. 10.—DUNKELD *via* Ballinluig, returning by Rumbling Bridge, Dalguise, crossing River Tay by boat at Logierait and Ballinluig Bridge, Distance for the round or *vice versa*, 28 miles.

NO. 11.—ABERFELDY by Ballinluig and Grandtully, returning by General Wade's Bridge and Weem, thence north side of River Tay to Grandtully and Ballinluig, same as outward journey. Distance for the round or *vice versa*, 30 miles.

NO. 12.—KENMORE *via* Aberfeldy, returning by Fernan, Fortingall, Coshieville, Weem, Grandtully, Ballinluig. Distance for round, 46 miles.

NO. 13.—KENMORE *via* Aberfeldy, Coshieville, Whitbridge, to Tummel Bridge, returning by Loch Tummel and Pass of Killiecrankie or *vice versa*. Distance for the round, 45 miles.

NO. 14.—KENMORE *via* Aberfeldy, Coshieville (V.H.) to Whitbridge V.H.), thence to Kinloch Rannoch (H.), returning by Tummel Bridge, Loch Tummel, and Pass of Killiecrankie, or from Kinloch Rannoch by Trinafour (V.H.), Struan, Blair Atholl, and Killiecrankie. Distance for round either way about 63 miles.

NO. 15.—Round LOCH TAY *via* Ballinluig, Aberfeldy, Kenmore,

GENT.'S
HIGHLAND COSTUME MAKER
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Acharn, Ardeonaig, Killin, returning *via* Lawers, Fernan, Fortingall, Weem, Grandtully, and Ballinluig. Distance for round, 70 miles.

No. 16.—AMULREE *via* Dunkeld, returning by Glenquaich, Loch Frenche, Kenmore, Aberfeldy, Grandtully, and Ballinluig. Distance for round, 52 miles.

No. 17.—BLAIRGOWRIE *via* Moulin (H.), Straloch (S.), Kirkmichael, and Bridge of Cally, returning *via* Clunie Loch, Butterston, and Dunkeld. Distance for the round, 48 miles.

No. 18.—BLAIRGOWRIE and FAMOUS BEECH HEDGES. Outward journey same as No. 17, returning from Blairgowrie *via* Perth Road to Famous Beech Hedges, Meikleour, Spitalfield, Caputh, and Dunkeld. Distance for the round, 50 miles.

No. 19.—BRAEMAR *via* Moulin (H.), Straloch (S.), Kirkmichael, and Aldchlappie, thence road to the left to Middleton of Dalrulzeon, where you join the direct road to Braemar *via* Spittal of Glenshee. Distance from Pitlochry, 38 miles.

NEW BRIDGE AT PORT-NA-CRAIG.

On Empire Day, 1913, the ferry boat at Port-na-Craig made its farewell journeys on the ferry, and is now superseded by a fine Suspension

Footbridge, erected by public subscription and a grant from the Highland District Committee. The length of bridge is 335 feet, with a span from column to column of 270 feet, and cost £850.

The opening ceremony was gracefully performed by the Marchioness of Tullibardine, and Mr H. Mitchell, J.P., Pitlochry, in taking over the custody of the bridge for the Highland District Committee, gave the following interesting account of the ancient history of the ferry :—

“The ferry at Port-na-Craig, though not as old as many ferries in Scotland, bears the respectable antiquity of something like eight hundred years. It was established by the monks of Coupar Angus when they got a gift of the lands of Fonab, and as Coupar Angus lay on the north side of the river Tummel, they established the ferry in order to have communication. In those days the ferry boat was made of skins stretched on branches or twigs, so it was somewhat dangerous to cross in, and the monks thought that they would improve the occasion by dedicating the well near the old ferry to St. Bride, so that people, when they ventured across the ferry, might propitiate the saint. It was customary for people to drop either a small coin or a brass pin into the well. He was afraid that brass pins rather prevailed, and no doubt, St. Bride, being a lady, would find them more useful. The well remained until recent times, when it had, unfortunately, to be filled up, on account of being contaminated by neighbouring fields.

After a time, the little ferry boat had to give way to a larger boat that was sufficient to take over horses and carts, but the river being rapid, it was found impossible to use an ordinary boat with oars. So one was constructed that was fastened by a long chain to a rock in the centre of the river, and by swinging the boat slightly to one side and the other, it was diverted across the stream. That for nearly two hundred years or so was the only means of access for horses, cattle and people across the river. Sometime about 1834 the road bridge at Cluny was built, chiefly through the exertions of the late Mr Butter of Faskally. After that the ferry ceased to be used for horses and cattle, and remained only as a ferry for foot passengers until that day. The access to the ferry was also of some interest. The nearest place that had any road to it originally was the village of Moulin, so that the monks constructed a road from the ferry to Moulin, but it went somewhat differently from the road of to-day. They followed the same road from the river for about a hundred yards, until they reached a thorn bush, where they built a bridge. After that, the road followed the bank and the wall at Mr Dixon's feu, crossed at the avenue near the Episcopal Church, and then followed the line of the present road by the school to Moulin. The road from Moulin to Strathardle was the only access to the Highlands of Scotland at that time, the road now known to Pitlochry being non-existent.

It was also of interest to know that on looking over the oldest



NEW BRIDGE AT PORT-NA-CRAIG.

minute book of the Road Trustees in the Highland District, going back nearly two hundred years, there were only two public roads mentioned in the parish of Moulin. One was called the military road from Inverness to Dunkeld, made by General Wade; the other was called the Statute Labour Road by Port-na-Craig Ferry, to Moulin and Strathardle. Pitlochry was not even mentioned, being too insignificant in these days to be worth talking about, and the road did not pass it at all. It was, he thought, of interest in remembering these incidents, that the bridge which was just being opened continued and perpetuated a gift which was granted to the people of Sliosbeg eight hundred years ago by the monks of Coupar Angus, when they constructed a ferry. The bridge would provide more modern and better means of transit to the people crossing the river, and he hoped it would last as long.

He would have much pleasure in informing the Highland District Committee of the opening of the bridge, and thought it would be a satisfaction to those who had built the bridge, that the District Committee would be responsible for its upkeep, so that its maintenance would not depend upon the exertions of local people."

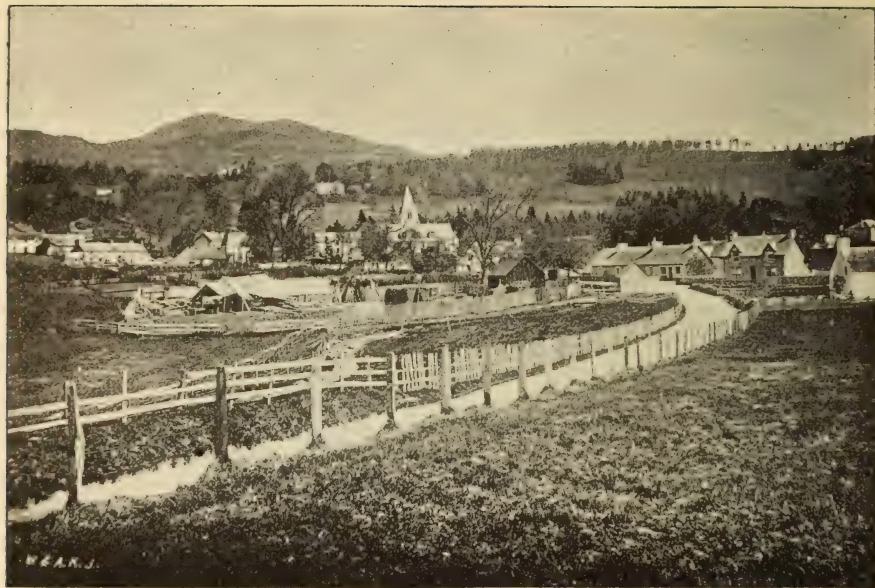
Free sites for the bridge were given on either side of the river by Mr G. A. C. Sandeman of Fonab and Mr C. A. J. Butter of Pitlochry.

MOULIN (MOY-LINNE—PLAIN OF THE POOL) AND CASTLE DUBH.

The Village of MOULIN lies about a mile due north of Pitlochry. A few additional houses have been built of late years, chiefly for the summer Visitors, but in spite of this it still retains much of its primitive rusticity. Owing to its greater elevation it is preferred by many in the height of summer to its more popular and populous rival. It is the seat of the Parish Church, a well-built and somewhat pretentious looking edifice. In the Churchyard, opposite the west end of the Church, a grey granite Memorial Cross was erected a few years ago by the readers of the *People's Journal*, to the memory of the late Donald Cameron, a native of the place, who distinguished himself by gallantry at the memorable battle of Tel-el-Kebir, being the first man to mount the enemy's trenches and the second man to fall.

In the west side of the Churchyard there is a very old ash tree which has done service in past ages as a place of punishment for the parish. In it were fixed the iron joughs which were padlocked around the necks of offenders. Parts of these instruments were visible seventy years ago.

The Graveyard is also studded with some very ancient and modern tombstones, notably amongst the latter a Princess Alice Cross of grey granite, erected to the memory of the late H. B. Stewart of Balnakeilly; another column or obelisk of the same material, to the memory of the late Rev. Duncan Campbell, for fifty years minister of the parish. To lovers



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of historic lore it might be interesting to mention here, that during the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715, the Earl of Mar, the then leader of the rebel band, arrived in Moulin on a Saturday night and resolved to stay there over Sunday. On Sunday he, much against the will of the Parish minister, took possession of the Church, and had an Episcopal Service conducted therein by his own curate. This was not all, when the insurgent host quitted it was discovered that the Session-Clerk had joined their ranks, carrying with him the Parish Registers for the previous seven years, which were never recovered, so that there remains a blank in the annals of the Parish for these years.

Moulin is probably from the Gaelic Moy-linne—the plain by the pool, and was quite applicable before the lake was drained about the middle of the eighteenth century.

CASTLE DUBH, “The Black Castle,” lies a short distance South-East from the Village, in a hollow, and is well worthy of a visit. The ruins indicate that it must have at one time been of great size and of considerable importance. The area which it once covered is now planted with larches, which serve as a guide to parties in search of its ruins. Its history is almost entirely lost. It is supposed to have been the residence of Sir John Campbell of Moulin, son of Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, on whom the lands around it were conferred by Robert the Bruce. They formerly had been in the possession of the eleventh Earl of Atholl, by

whom they were forfeited in consequence of his rebellion. There are also in the immediate locality a number of smaller ruins, indicating Watch Towers in connection with this building.

In 1314 King Robert the Bruce gave a Charter to Sir Neil Campbell and Mary, his wife, sister to the King, and John, their son, of all the lands which were David, Earl of Atholl's. John was created Earl of Atholl by his cousin, David II., and was killed at the battle of Halden Hill in 1333. The Black Castle was built by him. In 1500 the plague broke out amongst the garrison in the Castle, and for fear of it spreading the country people set fire to the building, when the inmates perished, but the plague went no further.

If inclined for a longer walk, a very pleasant one can be had by taking the road beyond Moulin to the right, you soon arrive at the village of KINNAIRD where an excellent view of the valley north and south is obtained. About half a mile further on you come to cross roads, the one to the left leading across the hill is the direct road to Kirkmichael, Blairgowrie, and Braemar. The road by the right (which the tourist must follow), passing under an avenue of very fine sycamores, brings him to the small village of Balnauld with its distillery tenanted by Mr McIntosh. From this village the road leads downhill for about a mile, passing close to the mansion houses of Donavour and Croftenloan, you rejoin the public road opposite Dalshian House. The tourist turns

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to the right, and is now on the direct road back to Pitlochry, part of it close by the river Tummel. On the way a very fine view of the Atholl Hydropathic is to be seen on the right, then the well-known distillery of Aldour is passed, and, lastly, the picturesque little church of the Episcopalian denomination. This makes a most enjoyable round walk or drive from Pitlochry *via* Moulin, or *vice versa*.

BLACK SPOUT. As its name indicates, the volume of water is not great, and it is only when the rainfall has swollen the burn of Edradour that it is seen to advantage. The spot, however, has charms of its own, which the visitor cannot fail to appreciate, and the rush of waters gives life and increased beauty to the scene.

From the village it is distant about a mile, on the direct road to Ballinluig, and when a short distance beyond the distillery, after crossing a small burn, you turn abruptly to the left, passing under the railway bridge and following the road which seems only to lead you to a stone quarry, but still keeping the burn on your left hand you find that by a pathway not more than usually rough, you are in from five to ten minutes brought into close contact with the object of your search.

The Black Spout can also be reached by a pretty walk which leads up behind the Atholl Hydropathic.

The late Professor Blackie, whose frequent residence in Pitlochry is in itself an endorsement of all that has been said and written of the

picturesque beauty of the district, has consecrated one of the most recent effusions of his genius to

THE SPUT DHU.

Son of the mountain,
Beauteous and strong,
Roaring and pouring
And sweeping along ;
Mighty art thou.

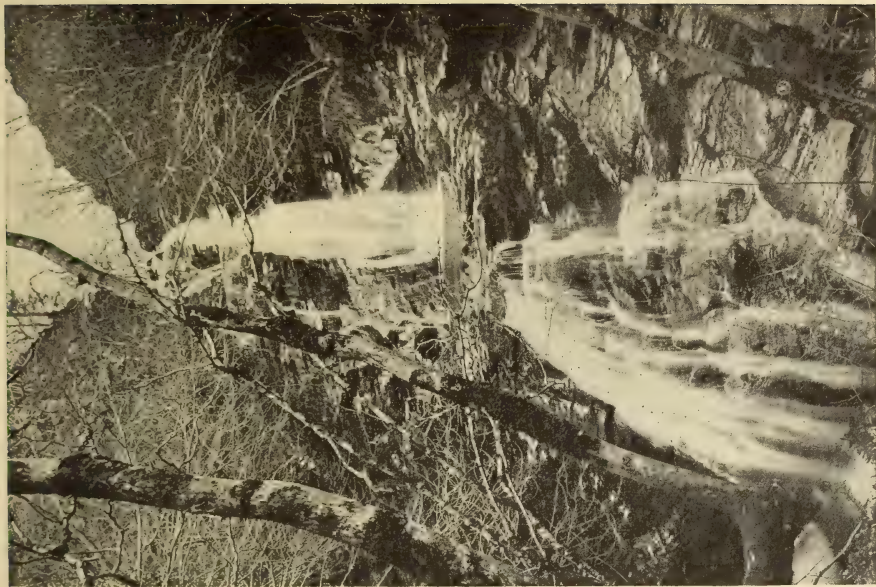
As I see thee now
Flinging the gathered floods of the Ben
Into the leafy shade of the glen ;

Like to a steed,
With galloping speed,
Tossing his mane,
And whisking his tail,
Art thou, when the pride
Of thy foaming tide
Leaps to the vale,
Son of the mountain !

Wise was the old Greek man who sang
" Water is best."
As from the breast
Of mighty Cybele,
Nurturing mother,
To every form

Of the breathing nation,
From eagle on wing
To creeping worm,
And man, the king
Of the vasty creation,
Flowed the redundant,
Life-sustaining,
Milky fountain ;

So, when thou pourest
Richly thy waters,
Budding and blowing
Follows thy flowing ;
Earth's sons and daughters
Rejoice in thy going.
Corn fields are waving
Near to thy laving,
Gardens are growing
With flower and with tree,
And proud cities rise
With towers to the skies,
Watered by thee,
Son of the mountain !



THE BLACK SPOUT.

Son of the mountain !
Lovely art thou,
Where thou leapest as now,
Silvery bright,
From the mountain's brow,
With the unspotted breadth of the blue
above thee,

And the circling grace of the trees that
love thee —
Spiring larch, and the tresses fine
Of waving birch,
And the red boled strength of the dark
green pine,
Rejoicing with thee in the fair sunshine,
Son of the mountain !

BEN-Y-VRACKIE (Beinn-breac), or the SPECKLED MOUNTAIN, so named owing to its seldom or ever being pure white during a snowstorm, the reason being the constant high winds prevailing, keeping the snow from lying on its high projecting rocks, and otherwise extremely rugged features.

The mountain rises 2757 feet above the level of the sea, and is generally ascended by parties residing in Pitlochry by way of Moulin. The route is by taking the road to the left immediately behind Moulin Hotel and at the entrance gate to Baledmund House, following an old peat road to its base. The hill is never lost sight of, and by keeping to the footpath, which is fairly well defined, tourists can experience no difficulty in reaching the summit.

The view from the top of Ben-y-vrackie is very extensive in certain directions, the advantage of which can only be had on a clear day, the Ben-y-Gloes, Ben-Vuroch, and other hills come within range, Loch

Moraig, and the upper valley of the Garry, are full in view. If the ascent has been made in favourable circumstances the memories associated with it are sure to be pleasant.

CRAIGOWER (a-Craig-Gabhar—The Goat's Craig). Visitors, to whom the ascent of Ben-y-vrackie might be too formidable an undertaking, may still be able to attempt the greatly lower eminence of Craigower, from which the prospect while nearly as extensive as that from the summit of the "speckled" mountain is equally interesting. The usual route followed is by way of Moulin, from which there is a country road proceeding westward, and generally ascending till the hill-top is reached. On a clear day the view is very fine, indeed is such as is well fitted to take the onlooker by surprise. It comprehends the valley of the Garry, on the right hand to the point where the wood-covered crags of Killiecrankie shut in the landscape. It includes in front the valley of Tummel from the Falls to the Loch, from Loch Tummel to Loch Rannoch, and only terminates when, far as the eye can reach, the Buchaille Etive, the granite hills that preside over the upper reaches of Loch Etive, and guard the entrance to Glencoe, may be faintly seen. Then, to the left, it takes in the beautiful valley through which the Tummel rushes to unite its waters with the Tay, and beyond to the point where Craig-y-Barns and Craigvinean seem to unite in forming a giant barrier, and so close in the view.

Craigower can also be reached by the new road which branches to the right off public road at the west end of Pitlochry, this path leads through the wood and skirts a piece of water called the "Cuilc" and the winding path through the Golf Course. If visitors do not feel inclined to attempt the ascent of the hill, the choice of two pretty walks is offered from here, by the right passing Lettoch Farm to Moulin, or by the left following road round Tomnamonachan House, and crossing railway line to rejoin main road about half-a-mile from Pitlochry.

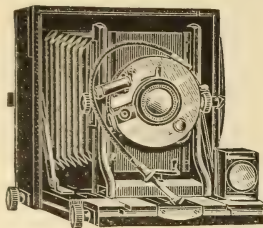
FONAB HILL (Fonab—Fonn-abha—Abbot's Land). One of the best views to be obtained of the village of Pitlochry is that which is presented while ascending Fonab Hill. The road to be followed branches off to the right from the public road a short distance beyond the Institute. Passing underneath the railway bridge the footpath leads to the New Bridge at Port-na-Craig after crossing which the tourist keeps to the left for a few yards, and then takes the path which strikes off abruptly to the right. This path ascends gradually, passing the farm of Middleton of Fonab, which by the way is a model structure of its kind. When half-way up the hill the tourist has but to turn round, when he will be amply repaid by the beautiful and interesting panorama that lies before him. The village of Pitlochry forms its chief feature and scene, surrounded by pleasant alternations of wood and field, where the background is lined by the everlasting hills, with Ben-y-vrackie towering

proudly above them all. On the top of the hill a little to the right of the road (which leads to Grandtully and Strathtay) is to be seen a very complete set of Druidical stones which might probably be of great interest to antiquarians.

CLUNIE BRIDGE (Clunie—Cluain—a Green Bank). The walk to Clunie Bridge leads out by the west end of the village, a short distance beyond the railway bridge, an offshoot from the public road diverges to the left, and continues to descend till the river is reached (distance about half-a-mile from the public road). The view from the bridge, up and down the river, is very fine especially after a heavy rainfall, and the surrounding scenery is beautiful and impressive. Crossing the bridge and taking the road by the left down the river side to Port-na-Craig forms a very pleasant walk. The road is to a large extent fringed by trees and brushwood, and the impetuous river dashing forward over every obstacle, seldom resting to form a still quiet pool, forms at every point an object of interest. Fonab Castle, the residence of G. A. Sandeman, Esq., forms an imposing pile on an elevation to the right. Having reached Port-na-Craig, cross the river by the new footbridge, the footpath leading to Pitlochry is easily followed, and the village is soon reached. The distance of the round is about two miles, and the route is considered one of the favourite walks by old and young.

If the tourist visiting the Bridge of Clunie prefers he may, instead of

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CLUNIE BRIDGE.

proceeding down the river side to Port-na-Craig, pass upward along the road to the right, which leads to the south side of Loch Tummel and thus visit the Falls of Tummel. The walk is at every point pleasing and picturesque, especially where the river and the road conjoin. About half-a-mile from the bridge close by the road are the remains of a Culdee Chapel, from which the neighbouring farm takes its name of Chapelton. They are now scarcely visible and might be passed by the tourist without being observed. Further on across the river stands Faskally House, the residence of Major Foster ; this is the best view that can be had of it, and the one generally selected by photographers. It is separated from the river by an extensive park. Its situation, at first sight, appears rather low, and the structure is, on the whole, plain. But there is conveyed to the mind in connection with it the idea of comfort, for the lack of which no architectural embellishment can compensate ; and the arrangements are such as to please the eye, and to some extent disarm hostile criticism. Apart from this, whether we look at the foreground, with its fringe of river and woodland, or at the magnificent background of forest and mountain, we will be ready to accept the remark frequently made by others, that "it is one of the most beautifully situated mansions in Scotland."

By and by, the river and road, which had parted company, rejoin each other, and the sound of the Waterfall warns us of its nearness. The



FALLS OF TUMMEL, QUEEN'S VIEW.

descent to the spot from which it can be seen to most advantage is rather rough and precipitous, but with due care it may be reached in safety. A wooden jetty, that stretches out a few feet over the stream to enable the salmon fisher to cast his fly across the pool, commands the fullest view of any. The sight is very grand, if the volume of water be considerable at the time of the visit. The height from which the river descends is not great, only 16 or 18 feet; but the rush of the stream, the roar of the waters, the weird wildness of the whole scene, produce an excitement of feeling, pleasurable, yet awe-awakening. One is somewhat inclined, like the traveller in the last effusion of the great American poet to ask:—

“Why dost thou wildly rush and roar:

Mad river! O mad river!

Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour

Thy hurrying headlong water o'er

This rocky shelf for ever?”

Before leaving the Falls, attention may be called to a cave, high up among the cliffs, on the north-west side of the river, with which a very tragical story is associated. A party of the Clan Alpine (MacGregor), proscribed and persecuted, had sought refuge in this cave, but their place of retreat was discovered, and their enemies hemmed them in. Fire or famine—two dreadful alternatives—was before them. Like brave men, however, grown desperate, they preferred a third course that still lay open to them. Emerging suddenly from the cave, they faced and fought the

overpowering force that besieged them. The small remnant that escaped fled to and ascended a huge tree that overhung the raging flood below. Thither they were followed by their merciless foes, who deliberately set themselves to cut down with their claymores the last refuge of the unfortunate MacGregors, all of whom perished in the waters.

To commemorate the Coronation of King George the inhabitants of Pitlochry and district agreed to erect a footbridge over the Tummel, and it was decided the most suitable spot for residents and visitors alike, would be beyond the Falls, about half-a-mile. On Coronation Day, 22nd June, 1911, a very serviceable bridge was opened. After visiting the Falls from the south side you proceed up the river till you reach the new bridge, cross and follow the winding path down to the Falls (north side) where you have the view from the Queen's Rock with the Giant's Steps behind. Here can be inspected the new Salmon Ladder (the steps partly open and partly in a tunnel), made a few years ago by the Fishery Board. It is hoped by this means to get the salmon to run better both in spring and autumn; should it prove successful it will add greatly to the value of salmon-fishing in the upper reaches of the rivers as well as in Loch Tummel and Loch Rannoch.

You can now return by following footpath along side of River Garry, cross Garry Bridge and join main road to Pitlochry. During the season, if not inclined to walk the round, take the Killiecrankie coach to Garry

Bridge, walk to Falls, cross Coronation Bridge, and return by Clunie Bridge. If inclined for a longer walk when you reach the Coronation Bridge follow up the river (south side) to Loch Tummel. The scenery now becomes thoroughly characteristic of the highlands, the bed of the river is in most parts extremely rocky, and the river rushes along in an angry tempestuous fashion, while occasionally the cliffs rise precipitously from the water's edge. The valley narrows considerably at this point, and an admirable background is afforded by the hills which rise magnificently on either side. An excellent view of the mansion houses of Bonskeid (G. F. Barbour) and Allean (F. A. S. Colquhoun) is obtained. Walking along by the loch side to the west end you arrive at Foss, where a new foot bridge has been erected, crossing the bridge you return by Loch Tummel Hotel, Queen's View, and Garry Bridge to main road. The distance for the round from Pitlochry is about 26 miles. This is a fine day's outing for a good walker, the scenery both going and returning is quite the finest in Perthshire.

KIRKMICHAEL A very fine day's outing can be had by taking Motor Mail (daily at 8 a.m., returning at 4 p.m.) or Excursion Coach during the season (*see Coach Bills*).

The route is *via* Moulin and Kinnaird, thence across the moor at an elevation of 1272 feet above sea level where you get a beautiful view of the valleys and surrounding hills. Before reaching Kirkmichael you

arrive at Straloch, with its quaint country inn, school, and church. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further on you pass Enochdhu Post Office.

Kirkmichael is situated in the Valley of Strathardle, a model highland village with comfortable hotel and well supplied with shops of all kinds. Half-a-mile further on is Aldchlappie Hotel (Mr Melville). Both hotels are well supplied with every convenience for tourists.

Parties wishing to proceed to Spittal of Glenshee or Braemar can procure private conveyances from either hotel, direct, or to Middleton of Dalrulzeon, 5 miles; Bridge of Cally, 8 miles, where they can join the Daily Coach (during season) from Dunkeld and Blairgowrie to Braemar.

Motors are run daily from Kirkmichael to Blairgowrie and *vice versa* in connection with Motor Mail from Pitlochry.

“A ROYAL DAY,” giving an account of a day’s fishing on the River Tummel, may interest the reader:—

“On turning over the leaves of an old angling diary I came upon an entry in May ’85. Well do I remember that day as I read—‘Good sport, Queen’s weather, 14 lbs., one 2 lbs. 4 oz., a beauty,’ and I allow my thoughts to drift back to the past.

“We had, thanks to the kindness of the shooting tenant of Faskally House, got a day on his waters, ‘doon by the Tummel and Banks o’ the Garry.’ Anxious as all keen anglers are to make an early start, we leave Perth by the midnight mail, and, bowling along from its handsome

station, we arrive in darkness after a run of about 30 miles at the pretty village of Pitlochry. We feel the air fresh and bracing as we take the road. It wants an hour till daylight, and we have plenty of time on hand to enjoy the short walk before us. Not a sound is heard save the twitter of an occasional woodcock as it flits overhead, and the dreamy murmur of the river. The sweet scent of the birch fills the air. What a pleasure it is to be away from the dust and din of the city, and to wander among the hills where the brawling stream dashes ever onward past varied scenes of grandeur! After crossing Clunie Bridge, we keep to the right and up the south side of the river. As the morning breaks we can just see Faskally House lying snugly on the opposite bank; and a little to the left, on the Bonskeid property, just at 'the meeting of the waters' of Garry and Tummel, the old ruin of Colliebhrochan, where King Robert the Bruce rested after his defeat at Methven in 1306. In gratitude for the shelter then afforded he granted these lands, which have been held by the same family ever since.

"Now we reach The Falls, where 'the voice of many waters' booms in our ears. Here we put up our tackle, speculating as to what luck we shall have on this balmy morning. The sun has not risen when I make my first cast in a nice pool 50 yards below the roaring torrent. I have not long to wait ere I have a rise; the excitement begins; another cast and there is a break on the foam-flecked surface of the stream, and in

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half a minute more we are admiring the speckled beauty. 'First blood,' my friend whispers, and, though somewhat early, we drink 'success' to the day's outing.

"We part, my friend and I—he to try his luck on the pools above the Falls. The sun is just appearing over Ben-y-vrackie as I take my way farther down stream. The trout are fairly on the rise now. I have not made many casts when there is a stoppage of the line for an instant, whir-r-r goes the reel, and I am 'fast' once more in a lively fellow.

"An hour passes with varying sport, and I am taking my morning smoke when my old friend, Archie, the keeper, appears on the scene. We have a 'crack' and a dram. Archie tells me of a big trout that has been seen rising in the 'Bulwark Pool,' and a few yards farther down we come to this famous cast. It can only be fished from the south bank, for on the other side a high rock rises sheer from the water's edge. It is a likely bit of water, and many a good trout and salmon have been taken from it.

"We sit on the bank and wait for signs of our friend, but he is not feeding at present, so I take the opportunity of changing my 'Greenwell's Glory' for an old favourite—an orange body and blae wing. Ready for the fray again, I have, by the advice of Archie, gone to the neck of the pool. Hardly have I got my cast well out in the stream, when my 'tail,' a 'Hare's Lug,' has made the acquaintance of a big one. He does not show himself for a little, but when I put on the necessary strain, he leaps

several times. Then oh! What a thrill! Shall I get him? He is not to be taken so easily, however. Twice he takes to the other side of the pool, but I hold him, and after a short fight I draw him gently over the gravelly beach. He is in the pink of condition, yellow between the spots, and over two pounds.

"An hour later my friend joins me. He has two and a half dozen beauties; yet though I have not quite so many, my basket is heavier. I expected this, for my experience of the Tummel is that the heaviest and best trout are to be got on the Faskally Water. The feeding there seems to be better than on the upper reaches.

"After 'Doch-an-dorruis' and a handshake with Archie, we pursue our sport from pool to pool, by bank and brae, until we reach Cluny Bridge, where we reel up; for everything comes to an end, and we have a train to catch.

"Before we start 'our homeward way' we turn out our creels on the grass, and select with much care and pride—one dozen of the best of our catch. We have undertaken to provide yellow trout for the Queen's Breakfast Table. Her Majesty is to breakfast in the Perth Station Refreshment Rooms to-morrow on her way to Balmoral. Our Royal Lady is very partial to yellow trout, and we have had the honour on several occasions of getting up in the 'sma' oors' and throwing a line for Her Majesty, without any expectation of landing a knighthood."

Telephone No. 29.

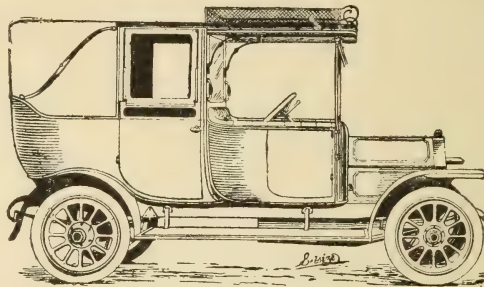
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(Coille-Critheam—Wood of the Aspen or Quaking Ash)



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE. This is, perhaps, the most delightful of all the excursions in the neighbourhood of Pitlochry, especially if there is connected with it a visit to the FALLS OF TUMMEL, and COLLIE-BHROCHAIN (pronounced Killievrochan). There is here a choice of the modes of conveyance. The tourist is likely to walk the whole distance to and from, not exceeding eight miles, or nine at the most. The Mail Car, or the Excursion Coach, will take the traveller to the foot of the Pass; or, if there is a party, a suitable conveyance may be hired. Those who wish to be economical, and yet save some measure of fatigue, may take the train to Killiecrankie, and thus lessen the journey by three and a half miles. During the summer months there is a guide in constant attendance. If going by train the visitor starts from the upper portion of the Pass, to which he will be directed by the courteous stationmaster. The first point to which he will be taken is called "THE QUEEN'S VIEW," which takes in at a single glance the defile along which General Mackay led his unwilling soldiers to defeat, on that memorable 27th day of July, 1689, when, if ever, that remarkable Scotch

proverb received its fulfilment—"It's a sair fecht, when they that win, hae the warst o't."

Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria's description of the Pass—"Magnificent"—is one that most of her subjects who have seen it will readily endorse.

From the "Queen's View" to the "SOLDIER'S LEAP" is but a few yards. At this point the river is hemmed in by rocks that nearly meet. The downward rush of the river is, especially in a flood, truly grand—reminding one of Southey's description of the Falls of Lodore, for the waters are ever

"Curling, and whirling, and purling, and twirling,
And thumping, and plumping, and bumping, and jumping,
And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever are blending."

The tradition connected with this spot is that a soldier fleeing from the field of battle, hotly pursued by a Highlander, with flashing claymore, ran down the descent and along the rocks to the point where the river is narrowest, and, in the desperation of the moment, leaped right over to the other side. Having firmed himself on the rock, he turned round and dared his pursuer to follow—an invitation which we can readily understand he did not accept. The exact distance from point to point is



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE, QUEEN'S VIEW.

eleven feet. Many grave doubts have been felt and expressed as to the probability of the story. Even Her late Majesty shook her wise head when, on the spot, she first listened to it; but one of her subjects, Mr Catlin of Enfield, accomplished the feat many years ago, and the motive, we can easily guess, was a much less powerful one than that which impelled the terror-stricken fugitive to make the venturesome leap.

Before leaving the upper portion of the Pass, attention may be called to the very fine viaduct, by means of which the railway spans the ravine hollowed out by *Aldessan Burn. Very varied are the opinions regarding it. One says that the railway and viaduct have shorn the fairy-like scenery of its romance, another that it is "less of an impertinence than could have been expected," and so on. We may be void of romance and taste when we say that the combination of the natural and the artistic which is here effected is rather pleasant than otherwise; and it is noticeable that all our photographic artists, who are no mean judges of what is likely to produce the most effective picture, invariably give the viaduct a prominent place. Immediately under it, or rather its shadow, may be seen the remains of the old road, which may serve to

*Aldessan, the burn of the Waterfall, or, as others give it, ALDEACHAN, Hector's burn. There is a story connected with it to the effect that a party who had contracted to bury the slain after the battle, gathered hundreds of corpses into the defile, dammed back the burn, and then letting it out, swept all into the deep pools of the Garry.



THE SOLDIER'S LEAP, PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

give us some idea of the Pass as it was when Mackay's soldiers marched through it, and above this is the waterfall from which, as has been suggested, the Aldessan takes its name.

The walk down the Pass is very pleasant, whatever the season of the year. There are three periods, however, when its beauty is perfectly fascinating. In the Springtime, when the birches are beginning to put on their "mantle of green." The river is then generally full to the brim, and the singing of birds enlivens and enchants. Again, in June, with its brightness and full foliage, how pleasant is the shady walk close to the sparkling stream, where occasionally the salmon may be seen making its silent plunge, or leaping right out of its natural element in sportive gambol. Yet, again, in Autumn, when the trees have begun to assume their russet hue. To this might be added Midwinter, when the trees are frosted all over with rime, and the icicles are hanging from every rift in the rocks, and the rocks themselves are covered over with their fantastic coverings of ice.

Near the lower end of the Pass, only a few steps from the footpath, there is a clear cool spring of water, out of which tourists are invited to partake. It is the "SOLDIER'S WELL"—where it seems one poor fellow, perhaps a straggler, a soldier in Mackay's army, was shot dead from the opposite side of the river, while in the act of quenching his thirst. Her



IN THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE

Majesty partook of the water—and hence it is now spoken of as the “Queen’s Well.”

After passing out of the gate the visitor should, without fail, walk on to the Bridge of Garry, less than a hundred paces off. The view from the centre of the bridge, up and down the river, cannot be excelled anywhere. Looking upwards, you have the whole Pass before you, with the hills of Urrard forming the background, and in the far distance, Carn-Liath, like a huge sentinel, presiding over the scene. Looking downwards, you have a rough rocky ravine, through which the river flows with unusual stillness, forming further down a broad deep pool. It will scarcely contribute to the pleasure of the tourist to be told that the bridge on which he stands was condemned some forty years ago as unsafe, as well it might, seeing that on the under side of the arch there is a great rent in which a man might hide himself. But the road trustees have, with singularly good fortune, trusted hitherto to the “chapter of accidents.”

From the Bridge of Garry, those who have not seen the Falls of Tummel, or have not seen them from the north side of the river, require to move uphill for a short distance till a private road with rustic gateway is reached. It leads downward toward the river, along the banks of which it proceeds, amidst scenery of the most exquisite description. About a quarter of a mile further on a flight of wooden stairs leads to

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an upper pathway. At this point the river is fordable, and many years ago,* when the public road to Loch Tummel led past Faskally House, and there was a ferry boat on the pool beneath, a fearful accident occurred. The river was in flood. It had been market day in Moulin, and many of the would-be passengers were a good deal excited by the day's potations. The ferryman refused to go, but was at last induced. The boat was over-loaded, but all went well till, just as they reached the Bonskeid side of the river, where the depth is great, one foolish fellow, as if in alarm, leaped ashore. This action upset the boat, and, sad to tell, all, the ferryman included, were carried down the stream and perished.

About 200 yards farther the Falls appear, and the visitor very naturally makes for the rock on which a small granite obelisk marks the spot from which the Queen and the Prince Consort viewed them in 1844. From this point they are seen to great advantage. The bend up the river beyond the Falls is very grand, and in the background the "GIANT'S STEPS" are seen as they cannot be seen from any other place—that is, with all those associated features in the landscape that are necessary to form a *coup d'œil*. (See article on Coronation Bridge at page 69.)

The visitor, after leaving the Falls, is recommended to return, not as he came, but by ascending the path which branches off to

*In February, 1767. Eighteen persons were drowned.

the right and leads to a higher platform than that which he has yet reached. In this way he will fall in with the road which leads to the right past the ruins of Collie-Bhrochain farmhouse, of which little more than the gable remains. An inscription on a stone inserted in the ruin informs him that King Robert the Bruce encamped here on his way north to escape the English, by whom, through treachery, he had been defeated at Methven in 1306. The tradition is that, after crossing the Garry at the ford already referred to, he encamped on this spot with his weary and disheartened followers. Entering the farmhouse he found the bhrochain or brose for supper either on the table or ready to be placed there. Having satisfied his hunger, which on this, as on most occasions, proved the best of all sauces, he, in acknowledgment of the hospitality of his humble host, called the house Collie-Bhrochain—" *The wood of the brose* ;" and from it, the surrounding district took its name.* The public road leading to Loch Tummel is at hand.

The QUEEN'S VIEW (Loch Tummel). There are a great many "Queen's Views" in this district, but the one to which we are about to direct our readers is so named, *par excellence*. If the party who has just come up from the Falls can overtake this on the same day he will have

* As it is a privilege to use this and many other walks in the neighbourhood, it is hoped that visitors will shut the gates after passing through.

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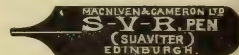
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LOCH TUMMEL, QUEEN'S VIEW

this advantage that he is already three and a half miles on the way. If not, he must make his start on some other occasion from Pitlochry. A seat on the Mail Car, or on the "Summer Coach," will take him all the way. After crossing the Bridge of Garry he will proceed uphill past the road leading to the Falls. On his right hand, he will take note of the pretty rustic cottage of Collie-Bbrochian, at the top of the ascent, the situation and surroundings of which are very romantic. A mile further on he will pass Bonskeid House on the left—the very picturesque country residence of G. F. Barbour, to whose liberality we are indebted for free access to the Falls. By a *vista* cut through the rock we get a passing glimpse of the house, which is a perfect gem, as seen from this point, whether regarded in an architectural or æsthetic point of view. From this to the little church in Glen Fincastle is about a mile downhill. The glen takes its name from the number of castles once contained within its limits. It has not an attractive appearance. The road turns to the left, where you cross the bridge in front of the church, and descends till you come again to the bottom of the valley, through which the Tummel runs. Between us and the river, on a wooded rising ground, is an ancient cemetery still in use. Half-a-mile further on is Allean House, a family seat of the Colquhouns, who removed to this estate about the beginning of this century from their ancestral seat of Camstraddan, on the shores of Loch Lomond. A little beyond this is the "Queen's View," and assuredly

it is worthy of the name. At your feet is the Tummel river gradually extending in breadth toward the loch from which it flows. The loch itself, at no part more than half a mile in breadth, and only some three miles in length, is in itself a lovely sheet of water, and especially so as set in the rich framework of brushwood and green fields, whose sloping sides rise to a considerable height. But the view beyond adds ever-increasing beauty to the scene—the picturesque and spacious valley that extends from the head of Loch Tummel to the foot of Loch Rannoch, the gigantic SCHIEHALLION rising to an altitude (3547 feet) that dwarfs even Farragon and other compeers, and the ever-changing variety, as the eye rests on the indentations of the loch, or the alternation of green pasture and barren heath, or still more barren rock. In the far distance will be seen, if the day be clear, to greater advantage, the hills of Glencoe. There are two pretty hotels in this district, Loch Tummel Hotel (Mr A. McIntosh), situated about three miles from the Queen's View, and Tummel Bridge Hotel (Mr S. McConnel), situated at the top end of the loch, both very comfortable houses and well patronised by anglers and tourists.

BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE. The visitor, who purposes surveying the beauties of the Pass, may wish, before he does so, or after he has accomplished this, to explore the site of the famous battle; and thus it will be necessary to devote a few pages to the subject. At the very outset he

requires to be cautioned as to a very serious mistake committed by the engineers employed in connection with the Ordnance Survey—a mistake which has very naturally been followed by all who since then have written for the direction of tourists. In the middle of a field, on the right hand of the public road near the lodge connected with the entrance to Urrard House, is a rude stone, some five or six feet high, that, in all likelihood, marks the place of sepulture of a chief of the olden times. This is set down on the Survey Map as “Claverhouse’s Stone” (which is in reality part of an old Druidical Circle), and the field designated as “The site of the Battle of Killiecrankie.” The following succinct account will suffice to show that both statements are most erroneous.

General Mackay, who commanded the royal forces on that eventful day (27th July, 1689), is admitted to have been a brave soldier and a good officer; but he proved himself, on this and other occasions, an incompetent leader. His object in moving northwards was to seize Blair Castle, which was unquestionably of great importance. Viscount Dundee, whose headquarters were Strowan, hearing of Mackay’s intention, at once crossed the Garry with his forces, and took possession of the Castle. On the 26th July, Mackay at the head of four thousand men left Perth, and on the evening of that day bivouacked at Dunkeld. Early on the 27th the camp was broken up and the fatal march begun. Taking the precaution of sending forward an advance guard along the



BATTLEFIELD OF KILLIECRANKIE.

dark defile, and having thus ascertained that there was no enemy to take advantage of their eminently perilous position, he moved right on and emerged from the Pass at the spot where the Girnaig, a mountain torrent, crosses the public road on its way to join the Garry. Beyond this there is a large haugh containing not less than fifty acres of pasture, and on it Mackay encamped, sending out his scouts to discover if the enemy was yet on the march to attack him. It was evidently his intention, if the road was open, to march his troops up the side of the river to Blair Castle, only three miles off. But, at the very time that his advanced guard was traversing the Pass, Dundee, at the head of 2500 Highlanders, was on his way from Blair to give him battle. The route they took is easily followed. Marching from the castle direct to the bridge over the river Tilt, at Old Bridge of Tilt; then making a detour to the left, they went uphill till they gained the road that leads past the back of Lude House, and diverges from it again towards the Pass. Mackay's force must have been full in view when they took up their position on the brow of the rising ground above Urrard House, midway, or nearly so, between the farmhouses of Lettoch and Orchilmore.

Intelligence of their position was soon brought to Mackay, who saw at a glance that he could proceed no further without giving battle. With all haste he turned the face of his troops towards the foe, and at once took possession of the elevated *plateau* on which the House of

Urrard stands, and formed his line three deep, dividing each of his battalions into two parts, and allowing an interval between each, so as to occupy as extended a front as possible. In the centre there was a greater space allowed, and here he placed his cavalry, but considerably in the rear, so that they might sally out and attack the Highlanders on the flank when they were fully occupied with the main attack. On the right, Hasting's regiment of horse, which had just emerged from the Pass, took up their position; and, on a wooded knoll on the left, Lieut.-Colonel Lauder was posted with his detachment of 200 men who were considered the *elite* of the army.

Dundee's army was necessarily arranged according to their respective clans. In the centre were the Camerons, the Macdonnells of Glengarry and Clanronald; also an Irish regiment which had recently joined them. On the right was Sir John Maclean, his force divided into two battalions, and on the left the regiment of Sir John Macdonald. The cavalry was under the command of Sir William Wallace. No reserve was provided in either army.

For two long weary hours the two armies faced each other without either changing its position, the only variety fitted to excite attention being the occasional shots exchanged by the sharp-shooters. About half-an-hour before sunset, Viscount Dundee gave the order to advance.

Slowly, steadily, the Highlanders marched down the hill, receiving the fire of Mackay's own division, in which, strange to say, the rest of the line did not join. When they arrived within a certain distance from the enemy, they halted for a moment, discharged their pistols, and then, sword in hand, rushed on the foe with an impetuosity that overcame all resistance. Mackay's description of the conduct of his soldiers gives us the best possible idea of what occurred after the clansmen had fairly got among them—viz., that "they behaved like the vilest cowards in nature." Again and again he attempted to rally them but in vain; and little more than fifteen minutes after the battle begun, he found himself actually alone on the field—a general without an army, a leader without followers. Even those who had not been in the battle at all, including Lauder's select two hundred, had disgracefully taken to flight. The great mass of the "beaten" army fled down the slopes which they had recently ascended, towards the river, on the field adjoining which their baggage had been arranged. The Highlanders were either among them, cutting down right and left, or were only a little behind. When General Mackay had got out of immediate danger, he turned round to observe the state of matters, and to his infinite surprise he found that both armies had disappeared. To use his own expression "in the twinkling of an eye," in a manner our men, as well as the enemy, were out of sight, being got down pell-mell to the river where our baggage stood. All was over and

the mingled torrents of red coats and tartans were raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie.

As ARTOUN makes the victors say :—

“ Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel.
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band,
On we poured until we met them
Foot to foot and hand to hand,
Horse and man went down like driftwood,
When the floods are black at yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us,
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When the stubborn fight was done.”

On rushed the crowd of fugitives helter-skelter, and there cannot be a doubt but every man of them would have been slain but for the plunder which arrested the victors, and allowed the pursued to cross the river or rush down the river side towards the Pass. Mackay having gathered

together some 400 of his troops that had avoided the fight, marched them westwards, till the little village of Aldclune was reached, about a mile from the field of battle ; then they crossed the Garry, and passed up the hillside unnoticed, the nature of the ground, and the darkness, were in their favour. So, in the early morning, they reached Weem Castle, the seat of the Menzies' family, who were loyal to the reigning monarch.

Another circumstance saved the fugitives, and, besides, entirely neutralised the victory. At an early stage in the brief fight, Viscount Dundee, who rode in front of his men, urging them on by his example, fell, mortally wounded. There can be no doubt that it was near Urrard House he received his death wound. The current account is that it was while holding his sword arm up that "the joint of the harness" allowed the passage of the messenger of death. There is a tradition on the spot, that it was while permitting his horse to drink at a spring, which is still shown, he was fired at out of the house by one of his own party, in revenge for some love affront ; and it is rather remarkable that when the old House of Urrard was taken down, several years ago, there was found in a concealed press or passage connected with the very room out of which the fatal shot was said to have been fired, the skeleton of a man, as if of one suddenly slain, and as suddenly put out of sight. There is every reason to believe that Dundee died on the field of battle. His remains were carried to Blair Castle, and subsequently buried in the

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family vault of the Atholl family, in Old Blair Churchyard. The following inscription is on the tablet above the grave :—

Within the vault beneath is interred the remains of
JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE,
VISCOUNT DUNDEE,
WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE,
27th July, 1689, AGED 46.

This Memorial is placed here by John, 7th Duke of Atholl, K.T.
1889.

In 1794 the back part of a steel cap or morion, such as was worn by officers in 1689, was recovered by General Robertson of Lude, with other portions of rusty armour found in the possession of some cairds or tinkers, which were suspected to have been abstracted from the grave of Dundee ; and, on investigation, such was found to be the case.

FALLS OF GIRNAIG. Another enjoyable day can be spent by training to Killiecrankie, and walking to the Falls of Girnaig. The road leads from the station past south end of the Post Office up the side of the Girnaig for a distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, where there is a very pretty waterfall on the burn. The former name of the village (Aldgirnaig) was taken from the burn. The tourist can go up a farther distance, and, by crossing

the footbridge, come down the opposite side of the valley, which presents a different view of the surrounding hills and plains.

In this way he arrives at the main road about a mile to the west of Killiecrankie, and may continue his journey as far as Blair-Atholl, a distance of 2 miles.

The principal houses in the neighbourhood are Urrard, the property of A. K. Alston Stewart; Killiecrankie Cottage, belonging to W. P. Shaw; and Strathgarry House, Hinton D. Stewart, Esq.

The Church of the parish is Tenandry, at the foot of the Fanvuick Road, midway between Killiecrankie and Fincastle, about 3 miles from Pitlochry.



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Bridge of Tilt, Blair Atholl

BLAIR ATHOLL

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Posting in all its Departments.

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Bus to and from the Station
Free of Charge.

BLAIR ATHOLL



AS the reader will notice the discrepancy between the spellings of Blair Atholl in this "Guide Book" and that of older books, it may be of some interest to many to be let into the secret. The original spelling was "Atholl," but tradition has it that the caligraphy of one of the heads of the Atholl family not being of the very best, the second *l* was wont to be written by him more like an *e* than an *l*, and, out of courtesy to his Grace, the word came to be generally spelt "Athole," and thus it continued for many generations.

The present Duke, however, was for some time anxious to revert to the old spelling, and on the occasion of the coming of age of his eldest son, the Marquis of Tullibardine, he got the spelling formally and legally altered in the year 1893.

Blair Atholl is not merely worthy of a visit, but, in order that the visit may be thoroughly enjoyed, a residence of days, if not weeks, must be set apart for this. It is the central point of much that is very attractive, and the climate, a shade more bracing than at Pitlochry, renders it more grateful in the height of summer. Taking this neighbourhood as a whole, we are not surprised that Queen Victoria, much as

she loved Dunkeld, should have given Blair Atholl the preference. There is not, indeed, in the whole district a single point from which such a view can be had as that which the Tourist gets as he stands on the bridge which spans the Tay at the former; but there is that in the spacious well-wooded Strath of Blair, with its flashing streams in every direction, and its giant hills all around, that induces a preference.

Until recently there was no provision made for visitors such as make Birnam and Pitlochry rival the comforts of the town residence, for it was only at the expense of great personal inconvenience that the inhabitants could accomodate strangers. Of course, there have been for many years two large and excellent hotels, but families not caring to spend their holidays in hotels had no great inducements to "summer" in Blair Atholl.

The truth is, neither of the local proprietors seemed to care much for such immigrants. Within the past year or two, however, a desirable change has taken place in this matter. Wm. M'Inroy, Esq., Laird of Lude, believes in a forward policy, and has consequently decided to grant feus on reasonable terms in Bridge of Tilt, as well as in other suitable parts of his estate. The situation is everything that could be desired for feuing, and it is interesting to know that already a good beginning in building has been made.

It may be mentioned that an innovation of a very useful character



BLAIR ATHOLL

has been introduced into the district, viz., electric light. It was found that the old gas works were practically done, and His Grace the Duke of Atholl, rather than put in new plant for gas, resolved to introduce electricity. The dynamos are driven by water, which is stored in a huge reservoir constructed at Blairnachdair. Besides supplying the village of Blair with the light, His Grace extended the privilege to Bridge of Tilt. The cost for light is very moderate.

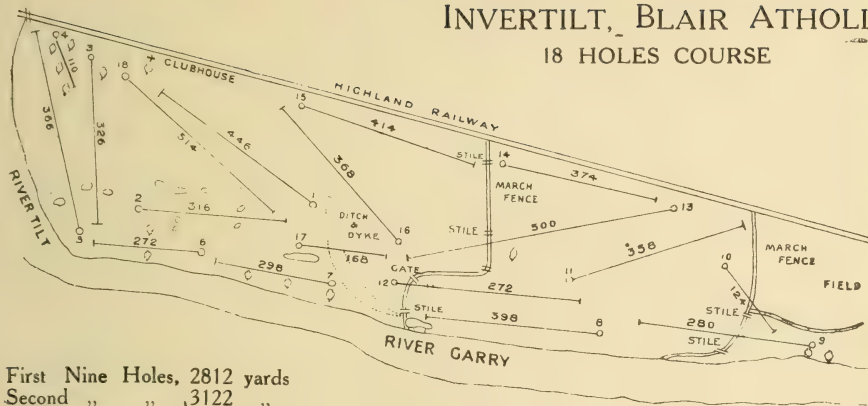
BLAIR ATHOLL GOLF COURSE. The Course is now an eighteen hole one, extending to almost 6,000 yards, and, as seen from the sketch, the holes vary from 110 yards to 514. The subsoil is sandy and gravelly and the turf is almost equal to a seaside course. The greens are large and smooth, and are invariably well kept. A handsome and commodious pavilion has been erected, and the first tee is quite close to the pavilion.

The first hole stretches in a south eastern direction and the golfer whether a slicer or a puller has fine scope. In this hole there is no chance of losing balls, and players starting are not kept back. The hole measures 446 yards, and a five is a good score. Number two has been improved by several excellently placed bunkers, and measures 316 yards.

Number three is a tricky hole, the second shot requiring very skilful play—good play gives a nice 4. The fourth hole is a short mashie shot, with trees and bunkers the hole is exceedingly interesting. Number five measures 366 yards, and is a rather easy 5. Number six is the old

INVERTILT, BLAIR ATHOLL

18 HOLES COURSE



First Nine Holes, 2812 yards

Second " " , 3122 "

Total length, 5934 "

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Vice-President—Lt.-Col. Colquhoun.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mr A. Kellock.

Captain—Lord George S. Murray.

Vice-Captain—Mr. N. S. McKenzie.

fourth, and a sliced ball is badly punished—the River Garry running parallel. The seventh hole is rather a good hole with the Garry for a slice and a huge bunker for a pull. A very careful approach is needful to reach the green in two.

The eighth green is 398 yards from the tee, and, with the Garry on the right and a well-placed bunker on the left the hole is a good 5. Number nine crosses the service road and measures 280 yards.

Returning, number ten is a short hole but is now well bunkered. The next hole is rather long, measuring 358 yards, and number twelve is made more interesting by having a dyke to cross for the second shot. Number thirteen is the second longest hole on the course and measures 500 yards. The bogey is put down at 6. Willie Fernie, who laid out the course originally, says number fourteen is the best hole on the course. The railway furnishes a slice and rashes on the left make it difficult for the man who pulls his drive.

Number fifteen is also a good hole, and is placed on a knoll close to the railway. The sixteenth hole is also an interesting hole, and requires careful play to result in a 5. Number seventeen is tricky, and has been made more so by a new bunker. A ditch in front and bunkers on right and left make it difficult to notch a 3—the bogey score. The home hole is the longest on the course, and measures 514 yards. Any one reaching the plateau in 3 is considered a swiper. The bogey is 6.

The best score yet made in a stroke competition is 78 and the bogey is 80. 38 out and 42 in.

SCALE OF CHARGES.

	Gents	Ladies	Children under 16
One day,	1/-	1/-	6d
One week,	4/-	3/-	2/-
Two weeks,	7/-	5/-	3/-
One month,	10/-	7/6	4/-
Ensuing months,	7/6	5/-	2/6

There are two commodious hotels excellently managed within easy distance of the course.

HOTELS.

THE ATHOLL ARMS (D. MacDonald & Sons), Tourist and Commercial. This hotel is a favourite centre for tourists journeying across the Grampians from Perthshire to Aberdeenshire. The road leading from Blair Atholl to Braemar, through Glen Tilt, one of the best deer forests in Scotland, the distance being 30 miles, is daily traversed by ponies from this establishment during the season. The hotel, from an architectural point of view, has few if any rivals in the Highlands of Perthshire, while the management for the convenience of tourists is such as can only be acquired by a lengthened experience of more than half a century, which experience is possessed by the present proprietors.

Golf Course

Electric
Light
throughout

Salmon and
Trout
Fishing



Charges
Moderate

Good
Garage

Petrol and
Oils kept

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Telegrams, "Hotel, Blairatholl."

D. MACDONALD & SONS, Proprietors

Hiring for the convenience of visitors to this establishment is made a specialty.

BRIDGE OF TILT HOTEL (Mr George Christie). This is also a most excellent, well-conducted, and comfortable hotel. It is about a quarter of a mile from the station. There is, however, a 'bus (free of charge), which runs in connection with all the trains. To some its greater retirement will present advantages; and there is connected with it permission to fish for trout over a considerable stretch of the Tilt and Garry. The road to the Golf Course branches off the main road at this hotel, the accomodation for tourists is complete, and there is also a good posting establishment in connection.

POST OFFICE.

Arrivals from the south, 6.53 a.m., 2.23 p.m. From the north, 2.23 p.m.
Departure for the south, 6.55 a.m., 2.23 p.m. For the north, 6.53 a.m., 12.40 p.m.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PARISH CHURCH. Rev. Donald Lamont, M.A. Services—12 noon and 6.30 p.m.

UNITED FREE CHURCH. Rev. Hugh MacCallum. Services—12 noon and 6.30 p.m.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Incumbent—vacant. The opening of the church for the season depends upon the arrival of visitors, and notices of the services will be found at the hotels.

PLACES OF INTEREST AND DISTANCES.

FROM BLAIR ATHOLL.

To Kinloch-Rannoch by Struan.

	MILES.
Falls of Bruar	3½
Struan and Falls of Garry	5
Trinafour	11
Kinloch-Rannoch	18

To Kinloch-Rannoch by Loch Tummel.

Tummel Bridge	16
Kinloch-Rannoch	23

To Braemar by Spittal of Glenshee.

Kirkmichael	19
Spittal of Glenshee	33
Castleton of Braemar	48

To Braemar and Balmoral by Glen Tilt.

Forest Lodge	10
Ford of the Tarf	15
Bynack Lodge	20
Braemar	30
Balmoral	39
Ballater Station	48

FROM BLAIR ATHOLL.

*To Kenmore (Loch Tay and Taymouth Castle),
by Tummel Bridge.*

	MILES.
Pass of Killiecrankie	3½
Falls of Tummel	5
Queen's View	10
Loch Tummel Inn	13
Tummel Bridge Inn	16
Kenmore	29

*To Aberfeldy by Tummel Bridge
and Weem.*

30

*To Kenmore by Strathtay and
Aberfeldy.*

Pitlochry	7
Ballinluig	12
Aberfeldy	21
Kenmore	27
<i>To—</i>	
Dunkeld	20
Birnam	21

EXCURSIONS.

Following the plan hitherto adopted, we will refer first to those that are most accessible.

BLAIR CASTLE. Before referring to the Castle grounds, a few words about the Castle itself may be of interest. Its early history is involved in complete obscurity. According to tradition, "Cumming Tower," the oldest portion, was built by John Cumming de Strathbogie, about the year 1255, on the occasion of an incursion of his into Atholl, during Henry, Earl of Atholl's absence at the Crusades. This tower, which forms the north-east part of the main building, consisted originally of four storeys, but there are no extant records to show when the different additions were built previous to 1736. Till about the middle of last century there was a draw-well within the Castle, but it was closed by Duke James. In the time of George II. such a well would be of incalculable benefit. But under the well there was a "black-hole" or dungeon, known by the name of "Seomar Alastair" (Alexander's Chamber). The present Duke has at different times effected extensive alterations and additions. For example, in 1869 two storeys were added to the flag tower, and other parts were heightened also, while in 1877 a large and beautiful ballroom was added at the north end of the building, and now the building as a whole presents the

appearance of a huge piece of patchwork, and no antiquarian can complain of the taste and intelligence with which the present Duke has carried out much needed improvements. Royalty has frequently been guests under this roof. On more than one occasion Mary Queen of Scots visited Blair; and then our good Queen Victoria has been here on two different occasions—in the years 1844 and 1861—while our late King and Queen were here for several days in the year 1872. The Castle has passed through many storms, but reference to the events of 1746 alone can here be made. In that year the Castle was held for King George by an old veteran, Sir Andrew Agnew, who was besieged in it from the middle of March till the end of April, by the Highlanders, under Lord George Murray, the Duke's brother. The garrison was reduced to the greatest straits, and was eventually saved by the withdrawal of Lord George, under command from headquarters at Inverness. The guide will show the position held by the besieging force, and especially the mound from which they fired the red-hot cannon-balls, to the great alarm of the besieged.

There is connected with the steps preparatory to the siege an exploit which is well worthy of record here as being almost without a parallel, taking into account all the circumstances, in the annals of modern warfare. After the disastrous retreat of the rebels from Derby in the end of 1745, Inverness became their headquarters. As the Duke

of Cumberland was making his arrangements for an advance, it was thought that it might tend to strengthen the decaying interests of the rebels if Blair Castle could be reduced. In order to do this Lord George Murray was despatched, as the likeliest man to effect the object. He set out in the middle of March 1746, at the head of 400 Atholl men, who were detached from the Atholl Brigade for this service. As they marched through Badenoch, they were joined by 300 Macphersons under their chief. On the evening of the 16th they halted at Dalnaspidal, and there the object of the expedition, and the mode of carrying it out, were made known. It was proposed to attack, before daylight, thirty different posts held by the enemy, scattered over an area so wide that the attempt seemed utterly impracticable ; and had not the localities to be visited been thoroughly known to all the parties engaged in the enterprise, it would have been utterly impossible. The Highlanders were necessarily divided into ten small parties, and, as an inducement, Lord George promised to every clansman that should surprise a sentinel on guard the reward of a guinea. The general rendezvous, after this exploit had been effected, was arranged to be the Bridge of Bruar, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant from the Castle. They parted, and before daylight, every post had been carried, without the loss of a single man --and no less than 300 prisoners were taken. At Blair Inn, the post nearest the Castle, there happened to be a number of the officers of the

garrison billeted. These, somehow or other, got the alarm, and were enabled to fight their way back to their quarters; and so Sir Andrew and his soldiers were prepared to resist any attempt that might be made against the stronghold. At daybreak, the sturdy veteran resolved on ascertaining in person who they were that had thus attacked one of his out-posts, and accordingly marched at the head of his soldiers towards Bruar. Lord George and Cluny Macpherson, with only twenty-five men, were awaiting the arrival of the detached parties sent off the previous night. They were not prepared in these circumstances to face the enemy, and accordingly Lord George had recourse to a very clever *ruse*, which turned out perfectly successful. He gathered his men behind a turf dyke of considerable length, each man so far separate from his neighbour as to give the impression of an extended line. He then ordered the pipers, all of whom were with his party, to strike up a martial tune. Sir Andrew, completely deceived, and wisely regarding prudence as the better part of valour, ordered an immediate retreat to the Castle, where they were besieged by the united Highlanders, as we have already stated, till the beginning of the following month.

THE GROUNDS.—The Grounds of Blair Castle are extensive, and entrance is obtained by the principal lodge, which is situated about two minutes' walk from the railway station on the way to Bridge of Tilt. For many years all and sundry were permitted to enter, but this

privilege was often abused, so that His Grace was obliged to take steps to preserve his policies from the hands of those who realise not the value of shrubs and trees and flowers. Now a keeper attends visitors, whose names are entered in a book, while a small fee is charged. The avenue, which is straight and fenced on each side by lofty lime trees, forms a worthy approach to the ducal Castle. Visitors do not go further than the broad green alley that leads past the eastern side of the Castle Gardens. But, looking across the Banvie, a streamlet of little note at this part of its course, an excellent view is got of the Castle.

The visitor, turning his back on the Castle, proceeds up the broad green alley already referred to; on either side a shrubbery, in front a leaden statue of Hercules. On the left, when he reaches the top of the ascent, the full extent of the Gardens opens up to his view. They are spacious and well laid out, the small lakes in the centre adding very much to their beauty. The gigantic trees on the right hand, a little further on, are worthy of notice. By-and-bye an open space is entered, surrounded by the monarchs of the forest; such a spot as we could conceive of as selected for the tournaments and athletic sports of the olden times, but which is now reserved for more peaceful gatherings. Close by is an artificial stone grotto, and on the opposite side a waterfall, a portion of the waters of the Fender, led away from the main stream for mechanical purposes so distributed as to form a very screen

of spray, all but hiding the lofty rocks that rise sheer up from the waters of the Tilt.

From this point there is a beautiful walk up the river-side—but far above the stream which flows at times unseen in the depths of the cleft rocks, or hidden by the close thicket of shrubs and trees. Less than a quarter of a mile up, the tourist is surprised on being brought to a point where the LOWER FALLS OF THE FENDER are disclosed in all their beauty. The stream itself is not large, but even in summer, the sight is one worth going some distance to look at. There are five several and distinct falls, and at the foot of each a pretty little pool, till at last the junction with the Tilt is effected. There is a rustic bridge here. Going a few hundred yards further up the river, round a rather dangerous-looking road, cut out of the solid rock, the “SALMON LEAP” is seen; but as the obstruction is now removed, and the fish get up stream on easier terms, it is seldom that the visitor is rewarded by seeing an instance of the “leap” from which the troubled stream gets its name.

In returning, the visitor should ask to be directed to “Old Blair,” where the Parish Church once stood. Its ruins still remain, and inside, but especially outside, is the old Parochial Burying Ground, still in use. From this you get another, and perhaps more favourable view of the Castle and surrounding scenery. Inside may be seen the burial vault of

the ducal family, where the remains of Viscount Dundee were laid after the fatal fight at Killiecrankie.

On the occasion of some other stroll up the Tilt, along the shady footpath, on the side nearest the public road, which is itself a delightful lounge on a warm summer afternoon, the lover of Nature may prolong his walk, by proceeding uphill past Middle Bridge and Fender Bridge, to a point about 50 yards beyond the latter, where he will find a path, rather devious, leading him to the UPPER FALLS OF THE FENDER. There are two consecutive leaps, but as, in either case, the water comes down in a more solid mass, the din is heard at a greater distance than in the case of the Lower Falls, and the appearance, as seen from a bend in the footpath, is very attractive.

THE HILL OF TULLOCH.—This Hill, on the opposite side of the Garry, rises 1,541 feet above the level of the sea. It is of comparatively easy ascent, and a guide is not required. Queen Victoria, as we find from her "Diary," was particularly fond of Tulloch Hill, and the view to be obtained from its summit, including the Valley of the Garry for many miles, the mouth of Glen Tilt, with the mountain ranges that surround it; and on the opposite side, the wild stretch of barren heath and rugged hills that terminate in Faragon, Ben Lawers, Cairn-Mairg, and Schiehallion. In descending from the Top of Tulloch, if the day be fine, every step will lead to an increasing admiration of the glorious

landscape through which the waters of the Tilt and Garry flow—theyself enlivening and giving variety to the scenery as they pass onward.

GLEN TILT.—The visit to Glen Tilt in order to be thoroughly enjoyable, will require a whole day to be set apart for it. To the lover of Nature, the valetudinarian and the man of science alike, it presents a series of attractions of no ordinary kind. It would be something to be ashamed of if anyone should ever sojourn, even for a few days, in Blair Atholl, and not pay a visit to Glen Tilt. The public road leads past Old Bridge of Tilt, Middle Bridge, and Fender Bridge, then turns to the left, and a mile further on the Glen opens up. There is another way, nearer, easier, and better, but for the use of it permission is required. It diverges from the public road leading from Old Bridge of Tilt to Old Blair, a few hundred yards beyond the spot where the wooden bridge crosses the Tilt. Only occasional glimpses of the river are got till the wooded part of the Glen is left behind, and thence, onward, the road and the river are closely conjoined. After proceeding some 4 miles MARBLE LODGE is reached. It is so called from the fact that it is built of the limestone or marble which forms part of the stratification of the Glen. To FOREST LODGE is 4 miles farther, and there the carriage drive ceases. The tourist wishing to reach the top of the Glen, or to cross over to Castleton of Braemar in Aberdeenshire, must either proceed on foot, or avail himself of the pony provided for him before he left Blair.

In its three reaches Glen Tilt presents a variety that is remarkable, and at the same time pleasant to the traveller. From Old Bridge of Tilt up to Marble Lodge the valley is wild in the extreme. The river rushes among rugged rocks that rise abruptly in huge masses from the level of the stream. The forest everywhere is so tangled that, where no artificial footpath exists, it is impassible; and at times one could almost imagine that he was in a wilderness on the outskirts of civilisation. From Marble Lodge to Forest Lodge the scenery is comparatively tame, and yet there is a grandeur in the huge slopes that tend on either side towards the mountains whose summits are out of sight, and there is a sublimity in the solitude that is only broken by the ripple of the stream, or the cry of the wild bird in its circling flight. The upper part of the Glen is narrow, only affording a bridle path for the traveller, but the barrenness that prevails, the gigantic boulders that tell the geologists of the icebergs of the ancient ocean across which they drifted, and the changed appearance of the stream, everywhere impeded by these masses of rock, but ever overcoming each impediment, and the prominence which the peak of the loftiest of the Ben-y-Gloes assumes—all produce and leave an impression never to be forgotten. At the very head of the Glen is Pool Tarff. This spot is made special mention of by our late Queen in the "Journal," on the occasion of her second visit to Atholl in 1861—and a beautiful drawing by Carl Haag commemorates the passage of

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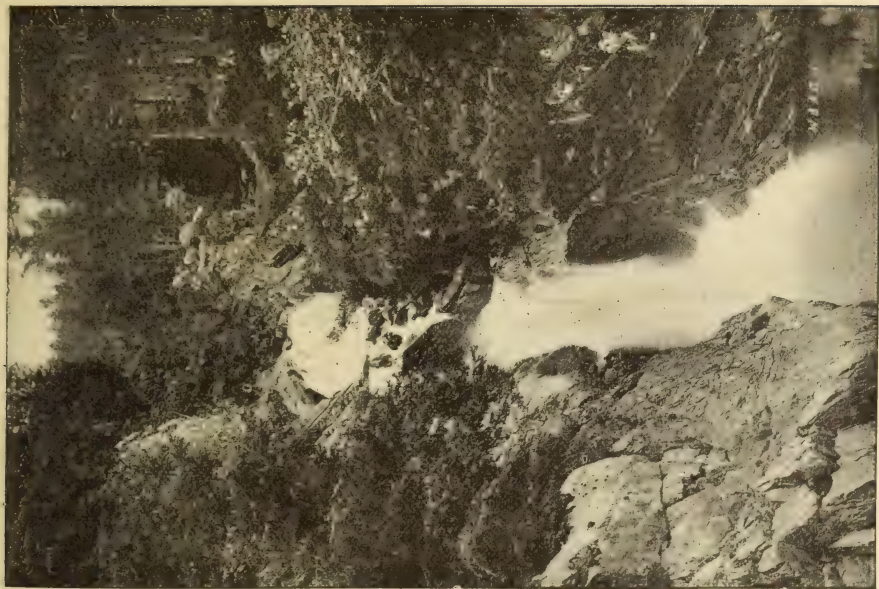
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FALLS OF BRUAR.

the river, of which a very fair woodcut copy is given at page 164 in the cheap edition of the work.

This was the course followed by two young English gentlemen on the 25th August, 1879. After proceeding so far, they unhappily decided to recross the swollen stream at a point considerably below where the Tarff and Tilt unite. Only one of them after a fearful struggle reached the other side, while his companion, a young fellow of eighteen, was carried away, and his body was not recovered till it had gone miles down. A bridge is now erected at Pool Tarff, so that the pedestrian will find no difficulty in crossing at any time.

THE FALLS OF THE BRUAR.—We would associate with these the FALLS OF THE GARRY. Both may be overtaken the same day, without anything like fatigue. If, however, parties prefer driving, they are likely to be contented with a visit to the former, as the summer coach does not go further than Bruar, and going beyond in a hired machine adds considerably to the expense. We shall suppose that the party we are seeking to direct desires to visit both places, and yet be economical. The mail train which leaves Blair at 10.55 a.m. during the season, and also the train which leaves at 12.49 p.m., will take them on to Struan Station, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. The guide's house is not far off, and will easily be found by enquiring. The Bridge over the Garry is crossed, and a footpath leads down the side of the river, whose waters may be

seen and heard as they rush furiously over the shelving rocks into the deep pools formed by the incessant action of the water. The last of these waterfalls is called the "Salmon Leap." From this, the visitor, by going some fifty paces farther down, enters a rustic bower, from the open window of which he sees the whole array of the foaming, whirling, rushing rapids, that terminate in the "Leap" to the greatest possible advantage; and it is a scene worthy of a longer journey than the traveller is required to make.

To reach the Falls of Bruar another mile must be traversed. The entrance to the Glen is by a wicket gate, close to the bridge over the Bruar, where the stream crosses the public road that leads to Blair. Passing along the footpath that seems to end at a pretty rustic cottage close at hand, the visitor is, by the person in charge, admitted, and proceeds upwards through the small arch under the railway, and all at once is conscious that he is in a neighbourhood whose picturesque beauty can scarcely be excelled. Even at this, the lowest point, there is much that is very attractive—the tall pine trees overhead, the rugged rocks on either side of the lovely stream that flows far beneath, and the stream itself, in summer clear as crystal, rushing from pool to pool by a series of tiny waterfalls that give only a faint idea as yet of what is in store. There are three points in the Glen where a pause is generally made in ascending, not from fatigue in climbing, but from admiration

of the scene. The photographer has seized on these several standpoints, and even those who have only seen the mere pictures cannot fail to admire what we do not hesitate to describe as the most charming natural scenery in Scotland.

It is a little difficult to get a proper view of the first or lowest "Fall," but as if to counter-balance this, there are two accessory attractions—an artificial bridge spanning the upper part of the flood, and a natural bridge of rock below, hollowed out by the ceaseless action of the impetuous waters.

From the bridge, or, if preferred, from the window of a somewhat decayed grotto, originally erected for the purpose, the second "Fall" may be seen, and when the water is in flood, the effect of the falling mass into the deep pool beneath is very fine.

But the uppermost "Fall" eclipses the other two, and indeed takes the sightseer somewhat by surprise. Above and beyond it is a bridge crossing the stream—and two or three other waterfalls of a minor character, adding to the grand effect; but close to this the stream takes a grand leap of not less than 150 feet into the gulf beneath.

The spectator is standing on a ledge of rock 200 feet above the river, and is at such a distance from the Falls as to be able to take in the whole view up to the bridge beyond. The almost perpendicular

sides of the ravine are clothed with huge pines, or such stunted shrubs as the scanty soil will maintain ; and as he takes in the scene it is

“So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

We cannot wonder that the far-seeing genius of Robert Burns should, in imagination, clothe the hillside with “firs and ashes,” with “fragrant birks in woodbines drest,” in order to perfect a picture that is now complete.

As parties may wish to read on the spot the noble verses of Scotland's greatest poet, we make no apology for introducing here nearly the whole of

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

Here, foaming down the shelfy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn ;
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes ;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir ;
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall insure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown o' flowers :
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care ;

The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey ;
Or, by the reapers nightly beam,
Mild chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lonely banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadow's wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

As the visitor stands on the giddy height, he must be careful not to go near the edge of the precipice. There is a sad story connected with the scene. Some years ago two of the sons of Sir Charles Adderley, at that time President of the Board of Trade, visited the Glen along with

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their tutor. Above the bridge, one of the two, standing on a rocky ledge, suddenly lost his balance and slid into the stream. Human help was vain. In an instant he was out of reach, carried down the stream, beneath the bridge, over the waterfall, and into the deep pool that we see below it.

From the point where we have for the time taken our stand, we can either return downhill, or, if we wish to prolong our walk, we can go higher up, cross the bridge, and then descend on the other side of the stream. Having returned to the public road, if we have no carriage waiting our arrival, we have the choice of returning to Struan, and taking the train, or walking on to Blair, exactly three miles distant, the road being all the way level and excellent—and the view on every hand more than compensating for any fatigue that may be felt.

ANGLING. On this subject we are inclined to be silent, but the notices in most recent guide books are so misleading, that we are obliged to state that, throughout the whole district, even trout fishing is strictly prohibited. Till within the last few years there was a kind of *tacit permission*, that is to say the keepers took no notice of any respectable person whom they might see or come across, rod in hand. But some time ago the Duke, for good reasons, issued an *ukase*, forbidding all persons not having his *written permission*, and gave the strictest orders to his keepers to carry out his wishes.

BLAIR WOODS.

The Woods are famed far and near, and the present Duke has excelled all his predecessors in the interest he has taken in, and the money he has expended on, planting trees; and not only has he laid down large plantations in the Blair district, but also in all the other parts of his extensive estates.

The Atholl Estates' Woods have suffered severely from wind, for on more than one occasion bad gales have done them serious damage. On 3rd October 1860, a great storm raged and blew down a large number of trees in Blair district, while on the Atholl estates, as a whole, some 75,000 trees were uprooted or broken. The Tay Bridge gale (28th December 1879) destroyed fully as many trees on the estates. But the terrible hurricane of 17th November 1893 excelled all previous ones in the amount of destruction it made, and probably His Grace the Duke of Atholl will pardon the liberty taken in making the following extract from his monumental work on the "Chronicles of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine."

"The Grounds at Blair Castle probably never looked better than in the autumn of 1893, as ever since his succession in 1864 the Duke has been unremitting in planting, fencing, and roadmaking, the result being that everything was in perfect order. On the night of 17th November a terrible hurricane (the like of which had never been previously

experienced), accompanied by a very heavy fall of snow, broke over many parts of Scotland, and committed dreadful havoc in Perthshire and in the Atholl district in particular, and in that one night the Grounds around the Castle were utterly ruined. The old Woods were almost entirely blown down, park timber (mostly very old) smashed and uprooted all around, and thriving young plantations laid flat in every direction, whilst from the Tilt to Woodend every fence and wall was broken, and the roads and walks destroyed by upturned roots; in fact, it is no exaggeration to say that wherever the eye rested nothing was to be seen but appalling wreck and devastation.

“The Castle itself presented an extraordinary appearance, every window being completely blocked with snow, some of them blown in, all the chimney cowl thrown off, and a considerable portion of roof stripped of slates.

“In the Blair Woods’ district alone (not counting young plantations) between 30,000 and 35,000 trees were blown down or broken. It is calculated that about 150,000 grown trees and 500,000 young trees were destroyed in that one night on the Atholl estates.”

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south, on the summit of the rising ground beyond the Errochty, with which there is connected a very sad story of the olden time. The Laird of Murlaggan in Rannoch had a family of no fewer than thirteen sons, the youngest of whom, however, was not nursed by his mother. They all grew up to be remarkably fine-looking young men, well-skilled in athletic sports, and keen followers of the chase. Not only were their parents proud of them, but they were the boast of the whole countryside. One day, according to arrangement, they all set out on a hunting expedition. Each hunter was attended by a gillie, and each gillie followed by a hound. The chase led them in the direction of Atholl. At the spot already referred to they gathered to rest themselves and enjoy their mid-day luncheon. While thus engaged two of the hounds quarrelled. Instead of separating them, the two gillies in charge encouraged the fight. Then the two masters became interested in the fight as well. The others crowded round. Before steps could be taken to prevent it, the other hounds joined in the *melee*. A grand fight ensued. The gillies, fired by the *esprit de corps* that was fast gaining the ascendant, instead of trying to separate the dogs only incited them, or, if they did attempt to part them, did it in such a way as to provoke the masters of the rival hounds. In perhaps a shorter time than we have taken to tell the story the masters and servants as well as the dogs had taken sides. The weapons of the chase were freely



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used, and the fatal *skene dhu* did its part of the work. When the fray ended, it was because the combatants were all either dead or dying. The only one left was the youngest son, who had carefully abstained from the fight, and it was his fate to return that night to Rannoch with the sad tidings. As the party went forth that morning, it is said that the nurse was observed muttering what was meant to be regarded as a blessing on her foster son, and suspicion was excited that he had more to do with the origin and result of the quarrel than was implied in his seemingly standing apart. Be this as it may, the twelve cairns on the slope of Cragan Laith Mor testify to some such tragic story as that which we have just related.

Half a mile beyond Blairfetty, Auchleeks House (Edgar W. Robertson, Esq.) comes in view—a plain comfortable house, facing the south, with a narrow strip of lawn in front, and a large walled garden between this and the road. To Trinafour is another mile, immediately before reaching which you cross the Errochty, and begin to ascend. For a considerable distance the road is uphill, and you are inclined to feel grateful to General MacDonald, the at one time proprietor on the route, who, at his own expense, made a good road which saves more than a mile to the traveller. The Mansion House, now belonging to Mrs La Terriere, is passed on the left hand; but we will have occasion to return to it by and by. There are already many notable points in

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A. McINTOSH, Proprietor

Telegrams : "McIntosh, StrathTummel."

the landscape on which the tourist will keep his eye, but to which, in the meantime, we do not require to refer.

HOTELS.

DUNALASTAIR HOTEL (Mr D. Macmillan), situated in the village of Kinloch-Rannoch, on the north side of the river. Very comfortable and well arranged hotel : every attention is given to visitors.

BUNRANNOCH HOTEL (Mr Carmichael), also situated in village, on south side of river, an old established house which has been most successful in catering for the tourist public.

There is a hiring establishment in connection with both hotels, and there is also permission granted to fish Loch Rannoch and the River Tummel.

LOCH RANNOCH HOTEL (Mrs Gow). Beautifully situated at the east end of Loch Rannoch, a few minutes walk from the village of Kinloch-Rannoch, which has been described as one of the sweetest spots in Perthshire. The hotel commands a glorious panorama of the Loch from end to end, a view melting into the purple distance of the western range of the Grampians and the rugged heights of Glencoe. Visitors staying at the hotel have all fishing privileges on Loch Rannoch and part of

River Tummel. There is a hiring establishment in connection with hotel.

POST-OFFICE.

Arrival from Pitlochry,	10.15 a.m.	Despatch,	-	2.15 p.m.
Do. from Rannoch Stn.	11.20 a.m.	Do.	-	2.10 p.m.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

ESTABLISHED CHURCH. Service—12 noon.

UNITED FREE CHURCH. Service—12 noon.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Service—12 noon.

In front of the Dunalastair Hotel is a fine obelisk, erected to the memory of Dugald Buchanan, schoolmaster, evangelist, and Gaelic poet, who laboured in Rannoch from 1752 till his death in 1768.

In the farthest south cottage of the street, next the monument, and the south-most room, "Donald Ban Leathan" was hanged, on a tree that then grew on the spot, for sheep and cattle stealing. He was the last man that was hanged in Rannoch. It is said that a reprieve arrived in time to save him from his fate, and that it was delayed in its transmission to the spot by those who wished to have him hanged as an example to others. The culprit's body is said to have been buried in a

certain spot still pointed out on the northern shore of Loch Rannoch, on the farm of Annat.

EXCURSIONS.

The Loch presents the first and most attractive object to the summer visitor. It is twelve miles long, and its average breadth is about one and a quarter miles. There is a road on either side, that on the north side being preferred for carriages.

A pretty little steamer, 99 feet long, was placed on the loch some years ago by General Macdonald, and its services were fully appreciated by tourists and visitors. But, unfortunately, the *Gitana* was sunk on 6th February, 1882, in a severe storm, and has never been replaced. There are, however, fishing and other boats, by which the different parts of the loch may be explored. At the western extremity is Rannoch Lodge, with its extensive grazings and moorlands, the property of Lady Menzies. The Lodge is a plain but commodious residence. The view from it, taking in the loch and Schiehallion, is very fine. There are two small islands in front of it, with both of which there are interesting historical associations. The easternmost one, which is also the larger of the two, is artificial, resting on large beams of wood fixed to each other. To it there is, or was, a road from a point on the south side, giving access, but it is at present covered with water to the depth of four feet. The Macgregors on the "Slios-min"—north side of Loch Rannoch—fortified

the isle by building a strong "keep" on it. James I. caused this keep to be demolished, because it was a refuge for robbers and "broken-down" men. The Macgregors attempted to rebuild it, and this brought out two letters from the Queen Regent of Scotland, Mary of Guise, and one from Queen Mary to Menzies of Weem, directing him what to do to "The Glengregor" on his lands of Slios-min. See "History of Rob Roy," by A. H. Millar, F.S.A. Scot., where the letters are "quoted from the originals in Sir R. Menzies' charter chest."

The other island was kept as a stronghold, and occasionally used as a prison. It is said that Donnacha Reamhar, the head of the clan in the days of "The Bruce," and the sworn friend of the patriot king, held captive on this island the chief of the MacDougalls, taken in battle. A sack of apples was fetched from Lorn at Hallowe'en to the captive chief. Reamhar allowed it to be conveyed to the island by two of MacDougall's own men. On receiving it, MacDougall, having opened the sack, as if in frolic, scattered a number of apples on the floor for his warders to pick up. A scramble ensued, taking advantage of which, the captive rushed out of his cell, sprang into the boat with his men, pushed off, and thus left his warders prisoners instead. It is needless to say that he escaped.

About a mile west of Rannoch Lodge is the house called "The Barracks." It is the property of the Struan family. The original house was built to accommodate a regiment sent to keep the Highlanders in

the district quiet after the '45—hence the name. The present house was built by the grand-uncle of the present Struan.

On the south side of the loch is Dall, the beautiful residence of T. V. Wentworth, Esq. West from this there are the remains of "The Black Wood of Rannoch," itself a remnant of the old "Caledonian Wood," which carries us back in imagination to the days of the Romans.

The ascent of SCHIEHALLION will assuredly be attempted by all who have leisure and strength sufficient for the undertaking. Its height above the sea level is 3547 feet, from which falls to be deducted 700 feet, the elevation of Kinloch, and this is, of course, in favour of the climber. Parties on the spot will give the best directions for the ascent, or a guide may be obtained. It is only at the latter portion of the journey that the effort is difficult. The view is not what might have been expected. This can readily be understood when we take into account the fact that on most sides it is surrounded by high hills, some of them loftier than itself. The name is variously explained. By some it is "The Hill of the Fairy Queen," by others "The Maiden's Breast," and so on.

More interesting to all sensible people is the fact that on the north side of Schiehallion, as its base sweeps toward Dunalastair, was the refuge where "The Bruce" and his Queen abode for a considerable time in safety, when he was hard pressed by his pursuers after the defeat at

Methven. And even more interesting still is the fact that, from observations made in the last century by Maskelyne, the astronomer, and others, on Schiehallion, by means of the pendulum, the weight of the earth as a planet was approximately calculated. This fact makes Schiehallion in scientific circles perhaps the best-known mountain in the world. At Wester Templar, on the road from Kinloch to Schiehallion, is a large split rock with a larch tree growing in the rent, Gaelic name "clach-goilt," near which a man of the name of Stewart lived, who went off with Prince Charlie, and was slain at Culloden.

A visit to DUNALASTAIR and its policies is accounted essential to a satisfactory sojourn in the district of Rannoch. The site chosen for the mansion is most effective; and the house itself is well adapted to the site. It is in the Scottish baronial style. The approach to it is very fine, and the pleasure grounds, especially the garden terrace, are such as are well fitted to gratify the most exquisite taste. The views from this are truly splendid. Looking west, the loch, in its full extent, backed by the granite mountains of Glencoe, and itself hemmed in by rugged hills on either side, form a picture that is indeed charming. Looking south, Schiehallion fills in the landscape with its towering summit and ample shoulders—the foreground consisting of rock, river, lowly underwood, and gigantic trees, so arranged as only the hand of nature could effect. On the east, the view is shut in by a range of steep crags, surmounted

by pines which, if they mar the view beyond, confer a benefit of no ordinary kind, by keeping the house free from the malign influence of the east wind. The walk by the river side is deeply interesting, introducing the visitors to every possible variety of stream, pool, cascade, and rapid. At one spot we are pointed to the "Queen's Linn," which the Queen of King Robert often visited, and in which she frequently bathed. And again our attention is called to the "Macgregor's Leap," where the bold outlaw, or more likely another of the same name and tribe, pursued by his enemies, is said to have jumped across. "The Macgregor's Cave" lies two hundred feet above.

ANGLING. The angling on Loch Rannoch is at times very good, especially at the upper end where the lake is shallow. On his way up, the angler by trolling with the phantom minnow, or better still, the *par tail*, may hook and kill one of the larger trouts, technically called *Salmo Ferox*, which are to be found in this and the neighbouring lochs, and which sometimes attain to a great size.

CHURCHYARDS.

At Lassintullich is the Churchyard of St. Blane, who also gave name to Dunblane. It is usually known as Tom-an-t Seipeil or the Chapel Hill. It was originally consecrated by sacred dust from Iona. The Vicar of Fortingall used to dispense Mass here four times a year. It was

here that Dugald Buchanan at a funeral beheld the skull that inspired him to compose his celebrated poem "An Claigeann." Here also repose the remains of two Rannoch men, Rev. Ewan Cameron, Baptist Minister at Quarmsby, Yorkshire, and Dr John Macgregor, Benares, India. These were students of the late Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, who has celebrated their virtues in two exquisite poems.

Near Dunalastair Mansion there is another old Churchyard called Kilmaluag or the cell of St. Maluag. It was also consecrated by holy ground from Iona. In this Churchyard are buried the remains of Duncan Campbell, M.A., perhaps the most famous of the three "Highland Students." Their three elegies form three monumental poems which do honour alike to Principal Shairp and his students. Professor Flint thinks the poem on Duncan Campbell the sweetest in the volume entitled "Glendessary and other Poems." Mrs Campbell, Duncan's mother, died in 1897 at the great age of ninety-three.

For these three poems alone, the Churchyards of St. Blane and St. Maluag in Rannoch ought to be dear to all lovers of poetry of the Wordsworthian type.

Killichonan Churchyard on the Slios-min, north side of Loch Rannoch, eight miles from Kinloch, is another very old Burial Ground. It is said that the body of St. Congan lies buried here, and that this

Churchyard also was consecrated by sacred dust from Iona. It is or has been the great burial place of the Rannoch Macgregors, now almost extinct, on the Menzies' Rannoch Estates.

“Cladh Mhichiel,” St. Michiel's Churchyard, at Camghouran, on the south or “Slios-Garth” side of the loch, and eight miles from Kinloch-Rannoch, is also said to be consecrated by sacred dust from the same island, and in which repose the remains of the Rannoch Sept of the Clan Cameron.



CLAN TARTANS

THE use of tartan or chequered woollen cloth is of great antiquity among the Celtic tribes. Originally, the costume of the Highlanders consisted of little else than a garment of this material wrapped round the body and loins, with a portion hanging down to cover the upper part of the legs. In process of time, this rude fashion was superseded by a distinct piece of cloth forming a philabeg or kilt, while another piece was thrown loosely as a mantle or plaid over the body and shoulders. In either case the cloth was variegated in conformity with the prescribed *breacan* or symbol of the clan; and hence the tartan was sometimes called *cath-dath*, or battle colours, in token of forming a distinction of clans in the field of battle.

According to the author of “*Vestiarium Scoticum*,” the following in the reign of James VI. was the list of chief and subordinate clans, each possessing its own tartan; among these clans, it will be observed, are included certain Lowland families or houses, who had also adopted the same kind of cognisance—

Clan Stewart—six colours, chiefly red, checked with green, purple, black, white, and yellow.

Prince of Rothesay—three colours, checked with green and white.
Royal Stewart—chiefly white, checked with green, red, purple, and black.
Macdonald of the Isles—chiefly green, checked with black, purple, red, and white.
Ranald—chiefly green, checked with black, purple, red, and white.
Macgregor—chiefly red, checked with green and white.
Ross—chiefly red, checked with green and purple.
Macduff—chiefly red, checked with green, black, and purple.
Macpherson—equal portions of black and white, with small lines of red, and yellow.
Comyn—chiefly red, with green, black, and white.
Sinclair—chiefly green, checked with black, purple, red, and white.
Dunbar—chiefly red, checked with green and black.
Leslie—chiefly red, checked with purple, black, and yellow.
Lauder—chiefly green, with purple, black, and red.
Cunningham—chiefly red, with black, purple, and white.
Lindsay—chiefly red, with purple and green.
Hay—chiefly red, with green, yellow, white, and black.
Dundas—chiefly green, with purple, black, and red.
Ogilvie—chiefly green, beautifully checked with purple, black, yellow, and red.
Oliphant—equal portions of green and purple, with black and white.
Seton—chiefly red, with small lines of green, black, purple, and white.
Ramsay—chiefly red, with black squares checked with white.
Erskine—red and green.
Wallace—red and black, checked with yellow.
Brodie—chiefly red, with black and yellow.
Barclay—chiefly light-green and purple, checked with red.
Murray—chiefly green, checked with black, purple, and red.
Urquhart—chiefly green, with black, purple, white, and red.

Rose—chiefly red, with small checks of purple, green, and white.
Colquhoun—green, purple, black, red, and white.
Drummond—chiefly red, with green and dark red.
Forbes—chiefly green, with black, red, and yellow.
Scott—chiefly red, with green, red, and black.
Gordon—chiefly green, with purple, black, and yellow.
Cranstoun—yellowish-green, with purple and red.
Graham—chiefly green, with black checks.
Maxwell—chiefly red, with green and black.
Home—dark purple, with black, red, and green.
Johnston—chiefly green, with purple, black, and yellow.
Grant—chiefly red, with checks of green and purple.
Monro—chiefly red, checked with black and white.
Macleod—chiefly yellow, checked with black and red.
Campbell—chiefly green, checked with black, purple, yellow, and white.
Sutherland—chiefly green, with black, purple, red, and white.
Cameron—chiefly red, checked with green and yellow.
Macneil—chiefly green, with purple, black, white, and red.
Macfarlane—very dark, being chiefly black checked with white.
Maclauchlan—chiefly yellow, with checks of brown.
Gillea or Maclean—chiefly green, checked with black and white.
Mackenzie—nearly equal portions of green and purple, checked with black, white and red.
Fraser—chiefly red, checked with purple, green, and white.
Menzies—equal portions of red and white.
Chisholm—chiefly red, checked with purple, green, and white.
Buchanan—chiefly red and white, with small black stripes.
Macdougall—chiefly red, checked with black, purple, and green

Mackintyre—chiefly green, checked with purple, red, and white.
Robertson—chiefly red, checked with purple and green.
Macnab—chiefly red, checked with crimson, green, and black.
Mackinnon—chiefly red, checked with green, black, and white.
Macintosh—chiefly red, checked with green, black, and white.
Farquharson—chiefly green, with purple, black, red, and yellow.
Macarthur—chiefly green, checked with black and yellow.
Mackay—chiefly a bluish-purple, with black and red checks.
Macqueen—nearly equal portions of red and black, with yellow.
Bruce—chiefly red, with green, yellow, and white.
Douglas—very dark, being equal checks of black and slate colour.
Crawford—equal portions of red and green, with white.
Ruthven—chiefly red, with purple and green.
Montgomery—chiefly light green, checked with purple.
Hamilton—chiefly red, with purple and white.
Wemyss—chiefly red, checked with black, white, and green.



MOTTOES OF THE CLANS

Buchanan . . . Clarior Hinc Honus.
 Cameron . . . Pro Rege et Patria.
 Campbell . . . Follow me.
 (Breadalbane)
 Campbell . . . Vix ea nostra Voco.
 (Argyle)
 Chisholm . . . Ve et Arte.
 Colquhoun . . . Si Ji Puis.
 Cumming . . . Courage.
 Drummond . . . Gang Warily.
 Farquharson . . . Fide et Fortitudine.
 Forbes Grace me guide.
 Fraser of Lovat . . . Je suis prest.
 Gordon Animo non astutia.
 Graham Ne oublie.
 Grant Stand sure.
 Mackay Manu Forti.
 Macfarlane . . . This I'll defend.
 Macdougall . . . Vincerì vel Mori.
 Mackenzie . . . Luceo non uro.
 Macduff Virtute et opera.
 Maclauchlan . . . Fortes et Fidus.

Macalister . . . }
 Macdonald . . . } Per Mare per Terras.
 Macdonnel . . . }
 Macleod of Mac- . . . Muras aheneus.
 leod
 Macnaughton . . . I hope in God.
 Macintosh . . . } Touch not the cat but a
 Macpherson . . . } glove.
 Macgregor . . . E'en do and spare not.
 Macneil Virtutem Sequan Sicam-
 que Posside.
 Maclean Virtue mine honour.
 Mackinnon Audaces Fortuna Juvat.
 Macnab Timor Omnis Abesto.
 Munro Dread God.
 Murray Furth Fortune and fill the
 fetters.
 Menzies Will God, I shall.
 Robertson Virtutis Gloria Mercès.
 Rose Constant and True.
 Shaw I mean well.
 Stewart Avant.
 Urquhart Mean, speak, and do well.

WAR CRIES

Buchanan's "Claire Innis," an island in Loch Lomond.

Campbell's "Cruachan," a well-known mountain in Argyleshire.

Farquharson's "Carn na Cuimhne," the "Cairn of Remembrance," in Strathdee

Fraser's anciently "Mor-faigh" or "Get More," later "Castle Downie."

Forbes's "Lonach," a mountain in Strathdon.

Grant's "Craig Elachaidh" or "Craig Eagalach," "the Rock of Alarm," Strathspey.

A portion of the Grants called Clan Chirin have "Craig Rabhach," "the Rock of Warning"; and add "Standsure."

Grant's, Speyside, "Standfast Craigellachie."

Macdonald's "Fraoch eilean," "the Healthy Island."

Macdonald's "Creig an Fitheach," "the Raven's Rock."

Macfarlane's "Loch Sloidh" or "Loch Sluagh," "the "Loch of the People or Host."

Macgregor's "Ardcoille," the "High Wood."

Macintosh, "Loch Moy" or "Loch na Maoidh," "the Loch of Threatening,"—a lake near the seat of the Chieftain.

Mackenzie's "Tulach Ard," a mountain near Castle Donnan, the stronghold of the clan anciently.

Macpherson's "Craig dubh Clann Chattan," "the Black Craig of the Clan Chattan."

BADGES OF THE CLANS

The following are the names of the principal Highland Clans, with their Badges:—

Buchanans . . .	The Bilberry. The Oak.	Gordons . . .	Ivy.
Camerons . . .	The Crowberry.	Grahams . . .	Laurel, the Tree of Vic-
Campbells . . .	Fir Club Moss.		tory.
Campbells . . .	Wild Myrtle.	Hays . . .	Mistletoe.
Chisholms . . .	The Fern.	MacAulays and	Cranberry.
Colquhoun . . .	The Dogberry.	MacFarlanes	
Cummings . . .	Cumin Plant.	M'Donalds,	} Common Heath.
Drummonds . . .	Wild Thyme, the oldest.	M'Alistairs, &	
Do. . .	Holly.	M'Nabs	
M'Farquhar or	} Little Sunflower, Fox-	MacDougals . .	Bell Heath.
Ferguson and		M'Kenzies and	Holly.
Farquharsons	glove.	M'Leans	
Forbes and Mac-	Broom.	M'Lauchlans . .	Lesser Periwinkle.
kays		Do. . .	The Mountain Ash.
Frasers . . .	Yew.	M'Leods, Gunns,	Juniper.
Grants, M'Gre-	} The Scotch Fir.	and Ross	
gors, M'Kin-		M'Naughtans . .	The Trailing Azalia.
nons, & Mac-		M'Neills and . .	Trefoil.
quarries		Lamonts	

BADGES OF THE CLANS—*Continued*

M'Kays . . .	Bulrushes.	Ogilvies . . .	Evergreen Alkanet
M'Pherson,	} Boxwood. This is said to be the oldest badge.	Oliphants . . .	The Bulrush.
M'Intosh,		Robertsons . . .	{ Fine Leafed Heath. This is also said to be the oldest badge.
M'Duffs, Mac-		Do.	The Fern.
Beans, Shaws,		Roses	Wild Rosemary.
Farquharsons,		Stewarts	{ The Oak ; also Cluaran, the thistle, the present national badge. That of the Pictish King was Rudh (rue), and which is joined with the thistle in the collar of the order.
M'Queens, and many others, as belonging to the Clan Chat- tan.			
Do., Do. . . .	Red Whortleberry.	Urquhart . . .	Wallflower.
Menzies . . .	The Menzies Heath.		
Munros . . .	Common Club Moss.		
Murrays and Sutherlands	Broom.		

Sprigs of these badges were worn in the bonnet ; but the chief of each clan was entitled to wear two eagle's feathers in addition.

GAELIC NAMES

As a rule the Gaelic names of places are very descriptive. The following glossary of Gaelic terms may be found useful :—

Aber, the mouth of a river.
 Abh, water, running, or still.
 Abhuinn, a river.
 Airidh, a green place in the hills.
 Allt, a little river or burn.
 Aird, a promontory.
 Bad, a little wood.
 Bal, Baile, a place, a town.
 Ban, white.
 Beg, Beag, small.
 Bealach, a pass.
 Beithe, birch.
 Beann, Ben, Bein, a mountain, or high hill.

Breac, spotted.
 Buidhe, yellow.
 Caladh, a harbour.
 Caoran, rowan tree.
 Caol, a strait.
 Carn, a cairn.
 Ceann, a head.
 Creag, Craig, a rock.
 Cruach, a hill.
 Cuan, the sea, a sound.
 Dearg, red.
 Domhain, deep.
 Dronach, the top of a ridge.
 Druim, a ridge.
 Dhu, Dubh, black.

Dun, a fortified hill.
 Eilean, an island.
 Fada, long.
 Fearn, alder.
 Feithe, a bog, a ditch.
 Fionn, fair.
 Fraoch, heather.
 Garbh, rugged.
 Gearr, short.
 Gilleán, young man.
 Glas, grey.
 Glaic, a hollow.
 Gorm, blue.
 Gualinn, the shoulder of a hill.

GAELIC NAMES--*Continued*

Inver, Invhir, the mouth of
a river.

Kirk and Kill, a church, a
cell.

Leacann, the flat slope.

Liath, hoary.

Mam, a flat-topped hill.

Mohr, Mor, great,

Meall, a jagged hill.

Ness, a promontory.

Ort, an arm of the sea.

Ob, a bay, a creek.

Preas, a bush.

Riabhadh, mottled.

Ruadh, Roy, red.

Rudha, a promontory

Scour, Sgor, a sharp-peaked
hill.

Sithean, a mound-shaped
hill.

Sliabh, high hilly ground.

Sron, a hill of two ridges, a
nose.

Stob, a pointed hill.

Strath, a valley.

Tom, a hillock.

Torr, a conic hill.

Uaine, green.

Uisge, water.



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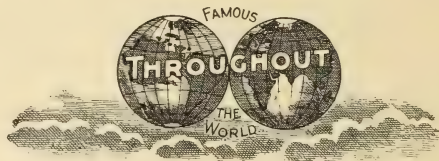
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